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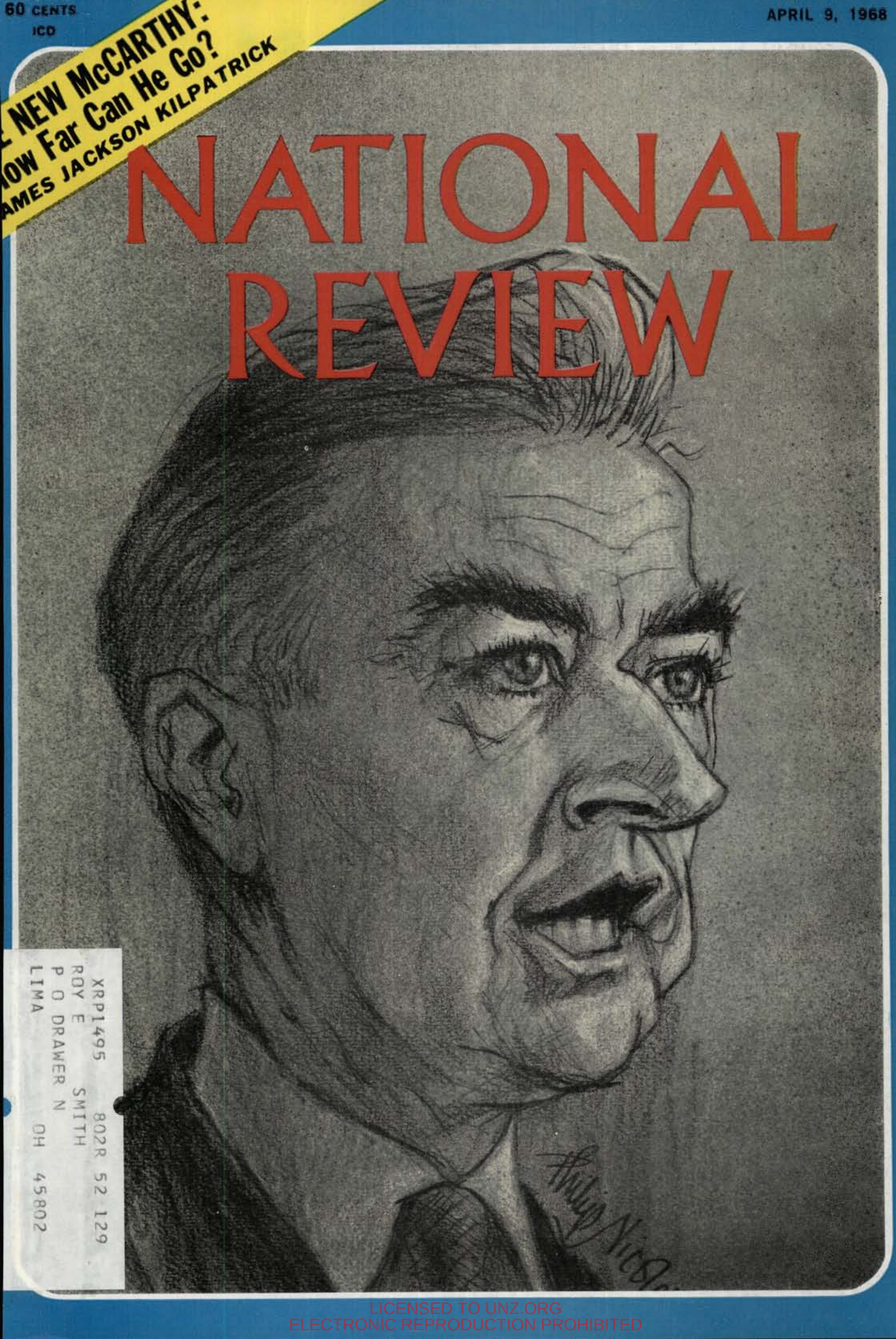
APRIL 9, 1968

E NEW McCARTHY:
OW Far Can He Go?
AMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

NATIONAL REVIEW



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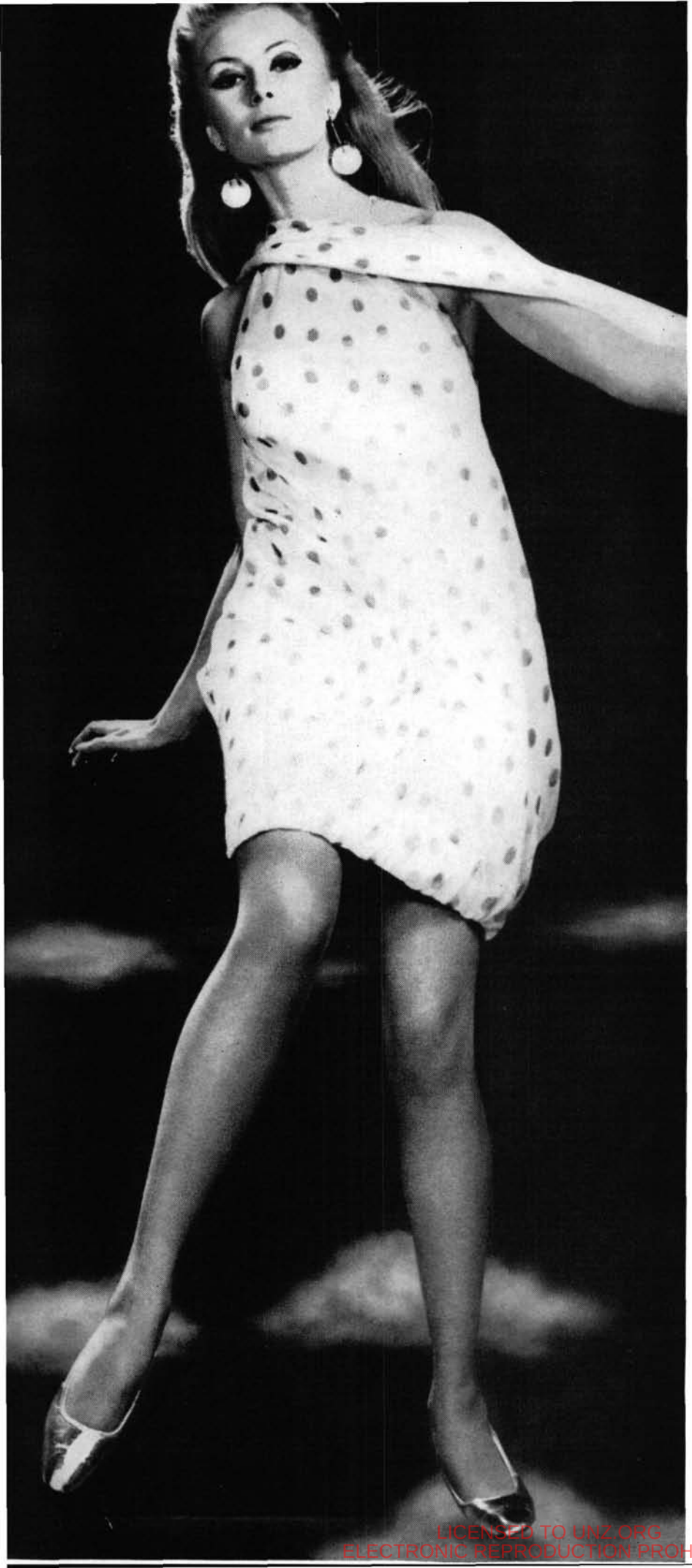

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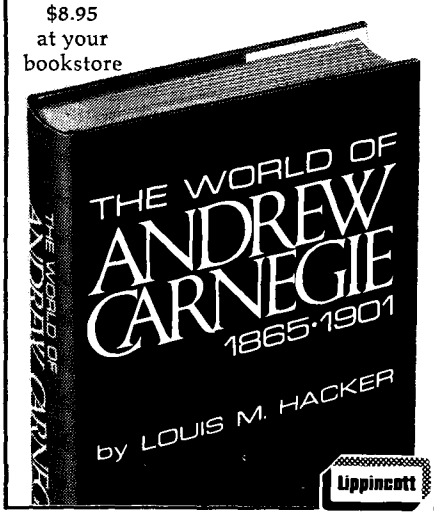

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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 45 Gracey St., Meriden, Conn. (second class postage paid at Meriden, Conn.) © National Review, Inc. 1968.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc., to Editorial Dept., *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, *National Review*, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016.

RATES: $17.00 a year ($10.00 for the 44-page issues, and $7.00 for the 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.

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IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ For most of the nation the Presidential campaign season is just getting under way. For **James Jackson Kilpatrick** it started last spring in Alabama, whence he filed his memorable profile of George Wallace for *NR*'s issue of April 18, 1967. Now, almost exactly a year later, he covers a second breakaway Democrat, Eugene McCarthy. Nothing except a schismatic candidacy connects the two assignments, but it takes a Kilpatrick to note that Gene McCarthy wears red suspenders, as did another Democrat whom George Wallace could probably name (the name was Gene, too—or is that stretching a point?). Anyhow, there isn't much about Presidential candidates that James Jackson Kilpatrick doesn't notice, and when he isn't covering them for *NR* (Richard Nixon—November 14, 1967; George Romney—December 12, 1967), he's contributing such offbeat reports as engrossed readers in the last issue, on the Navy's Arnheiter affair. Kilpatrick lives in Alexandria, Va., where he and his collie, Lorenzo de Medici, write the nationally syndicated column, "A Conservative View." Next big JJK-*NR* profile: Bobby. . . . Born and raised in Africa, **Elspeth Huxley** has published over a dozen works of fiction, travel and autobiography. As *NR*'s African Affairs correspondent, she writes, this issue, from Rhodesia. . . . **Victor Gold**, who heads the Washington public relations firm of that name, was present on the memorable day Caesar decided not to cross the Rubicon (p. 328). (The rhetoric was catching. Press release, dated March 23, 1968: "Victor Gold Associates announced today that 'a drastic reappraisal and reassessment of our present position on a number of issues, including the location of our offices, is being given meaningful consideration in order to maximize our opportunities and those of our clients in a National Capital filled with flux.' 'They're moving,' explained an employee of Security Transfer & Storage, who refused to be quoted directly. . . .")

➔ It is only now, when Robert McNamara has left the political arena, that we can appraise his performance in his seven years of office. **James Burnham**, whose defense of McNamara in the F-111 matter ("Why Do They Hate Robert Strange McNamara?" Nov. 15, 1966) was one of the most provocative articles ever run in *NR*, totes up McNamara's successes—and failures. . . . **Russell Kirk** discusses public, private and parochial schools, and taxes.

➔ **Priscilla L. Buckley** reviewed *Jack Ruby, The Man Who Killed the Man Who Killed Kennedy*, by Garry Wills and Ovid Demaris, before flying off to Switzerland, from whose Alp-top restaurants she filed her impressions of a world-famous skiing resort in early spring, for Delectations. . . . **Guy Davenport** has contributed poetry, translations and criticism to virtually every leading quarterly in the U.S. He is currently teaching at the University of Kentucky. . . . The long-awaited book on Robert A. Taft co-authored by *NR* columnist Russell Kirk is reviewed by **M. Stanton Evans**, whose latest book is *The Future of Conservatism*. . . . **Peter P. Witonski** issues his regular report on the scholarly periodicals from Oxford, where he is pursuing studies in science and art history. He has just recorded his first string quartet. . . . **William F. Rickenbacker** finally got to examine at first hand E. Power Biggs' favorite pipe organ. It was built five years ago in Pittsburgh. They don't make 'em like that any more. ➔

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LETTERS

Arnheiter Pro and Con

CONGRATULATIONS ARNHEITER STORY. SUCH THINGS PRODUCE PUEBLO INCIDENTS.

Oakton, Va. D. V. GALLERY
Rear Admiral, USN (Ret.)

You will, I hope, receive many favorable comments on James Jackson Kilpatrick's extensive coverage of the Arnheiter case [March 26]. I have seen bits of the story in newspaper articles and one short article in *Time* Magazine, but none exposed the complete details. Mr. Kilpatrick's story confirms my suspicions that Lt. Commander Arnheiter's rights were trampled upon by the Navy. It is unfortunate that in this day and age a man so willing and able to defend the freedoms of all Americans should be himself deprived of one of the most basic freedoms, his "day in court." We are fortunate, indeed, that there are men still in the military establishment with the courage of Captain Richard Alexander. Unfortunately, as can be seen in this case, men of his caliber are well in the minority. I hope you will continue to expose such cases of individuals whose rights are so overwhelmingly denied by the bureaucratic establishment.

Chicopee Falls, Mass. RICHARD T. CONNOLLY

My compliments to James Jackson Kilpatrick, known in Richmond as Kilpo, for his superb reporting of the Arnheiter case. It looks like calumny, cowardice and bureaucratic subterfuge won again over energy, patriotism and bravery. What an unfortunate episode of injustice! *The Caine Mutiny* run backwards.

Richmond, Va. T. RAYSOR SALLEY

As a former destroyer line officer (USS *Joseph P. Kennedy Jr.*, 1951-1954) who served under three C.O.'s (excellent, good, and likably erratic, respectively) and who was gung-ho enough to refuse, for example, to allow his fellow officers to gamble in the wardroom, I turned to Mr. Kilpatrick's defense of LCDR Arnheiter with relief. Now, I thought, I would find out who the Bad Guys were and how they managed to subvert my beloved Navy.

Imagining myself to be a member of *Vance*'s wardroom, I watched the new skipper as he came to grips with a sloppy ship. I delivered a "rigidly nonsectarian" talk on the fantail and sang the Navy Hymn. I sat in the Officers' Club on Guam and listened to Mr. Generous cleverly undermine the Captain. I stood up after dinner and addressed myself to "The Proper Use of Priorities in the Naval Communications System." I relieved the Officers' Mess of three candelabra, six porch chairs and a framed portrait of Admiral Nimitz. I drafted a message, as directed, to the Fleet Commander informing him that our spare parts consisted of three signal flags and a rusty cutlass. I threw my quarter in the pot for covering my scrambled (powdered) eggs with catsup, spooning the mess onto a whole slice of bread, and swallowing it in two bites, standing up, while answering the wardroom phone, with my hat on.

It was easy to imagine these things, because with minor variations I did every single one of them on *Kennedy*. We had our Mr. Generous, our Mr. Belmonte and our Mr. Hardy. We had an Engineer Officer who wrote confidential letters to the Office of Naval Intelligence requesting emergency security checks on officers who read the *New York Times*. We had an Exec who accused me of taking money from a Boatswain's mate to defend him against the serious charges of a Special Court Martial, charges trumped up by the Exec. We read *The Caine Mutiny* and were not surprised at all.

But *Kennedy* flourished. We won an "E" for something-or-other, and we got where we were supposed to go and did what we were supposed to do. We bid farewell to our skippers as, one by one, they were properly relieved of command and went on to better things. Our Mr. Generous was released to inactive duty with a service record full of commendations, the Engineer Officer went off to look for Commies somewhere else, and the Exec was duly hospitalized.

No, it doesn't add up. Mr. Kilpatrick has not told the whole story. Admirals pay no attention whatsoever to the adolescent musings of junior chaplains. Admirals have several sources of information, not the least of which is a good pair of binoculars. I wanted to sympathize with Marcus Aurelius Arnheiter, but I can't. He blew it. He lost his command and his career and someday we'll find out why. If we don't, we're in trouble, but I think we will.

Milwaukee, Wis. RICHARD P. BUCHMAN

Re your article, "He Could Have Been Another Halsey," I would like to say that I served with Marcus Aurelius Arnheiter (then LTJG) in the destroyer *Fiske*. In my capacity as ship's secretary I typed the unsatisfactory fitness report that was prepared by Commander J. B. Sweeney, the ship's captain, and put it in the mail to the Chief of Naval Personnel. There was no personality conflict.

I served as the captain's telephone talker on the bridge of the ship during battle stations and was aware of Mr. A's performance as gunnery officer. As a chief petty officer I stood in-port quarter deck watches, as Mr. A. did. CDR Sweeney was a good captain, as recognized by his peers, and was considered a good skipper by the crew.

Arnheiter's performance of duty as an officer was accurately reported by CDR Sweeney and I can say that as a shipmate Mr. A. created only hate and discontent.

I was transferred to the U.S. Navy Fleet Reserve after 22 years of service just four years ago, and I can honestly say that I am damned glad that I didn't serve those 99 days in *Vance* with Arnheiter in command.

As an aside, I would like to say that NATIONAL REVIEW has in the past kept me good company during many long days at sea. I have been a faithful and happy subscriber since its inception.

Brooklyn, N.Y. JOHN J. LEONE
YNCM, USN (Ret.)

Score for Tet

Thank you for publishing Col. Fred W. Graham's article ["The Score for the Tet Match"] in your March 12 issue. Col. Graham has expressed the views of practically all of the 500,000 servicemen in Vietnam. This is something that our American press failed to do. There is no doubt in our minds that the action during Tet was a victory for the Free World forces and a defeat for the Communists. Thank you Col. Graham, and thank you NATIONAL REVIEW.

Danang, RVN SGT. DAVID F. OLLMAN USMC

Marines in Khesanh

Mr. James Burnham's otherwise excellent column on Khesanh in your March 12 issue was disconcerting in one major aspect. He states that ". . . This is not the sort of action Marines exist for, and so are specially equipped and trained for. It is a waste to push Marines down into burrows for months on end. All the Marine commanders are said to have opposed the Khesanh commitment."

I believe the intent here was to emphasize the fact that Marines are elite assault troops that are being misused in a basically static situation and I have no quarrel with this. But it is comments like these that may have given root to the comment by one Marine on the situation, i.e., that "we shouldn't be doing this. Why don't they get us off and leave it for the *Army* to clean up?"

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Regardless of whether the chicken came before the egg in the above, this seems to imply that we "Army guys" are the cannon fodder. It may well be that we in the Army are better equipped to deal with these situations because of heavier ordnance. But it still seems that the Army, which has been in Vietnam longer and fought harder consistently than any other branch there, deserves better adjectives.

Forestville, Conn. JOHN LEE II

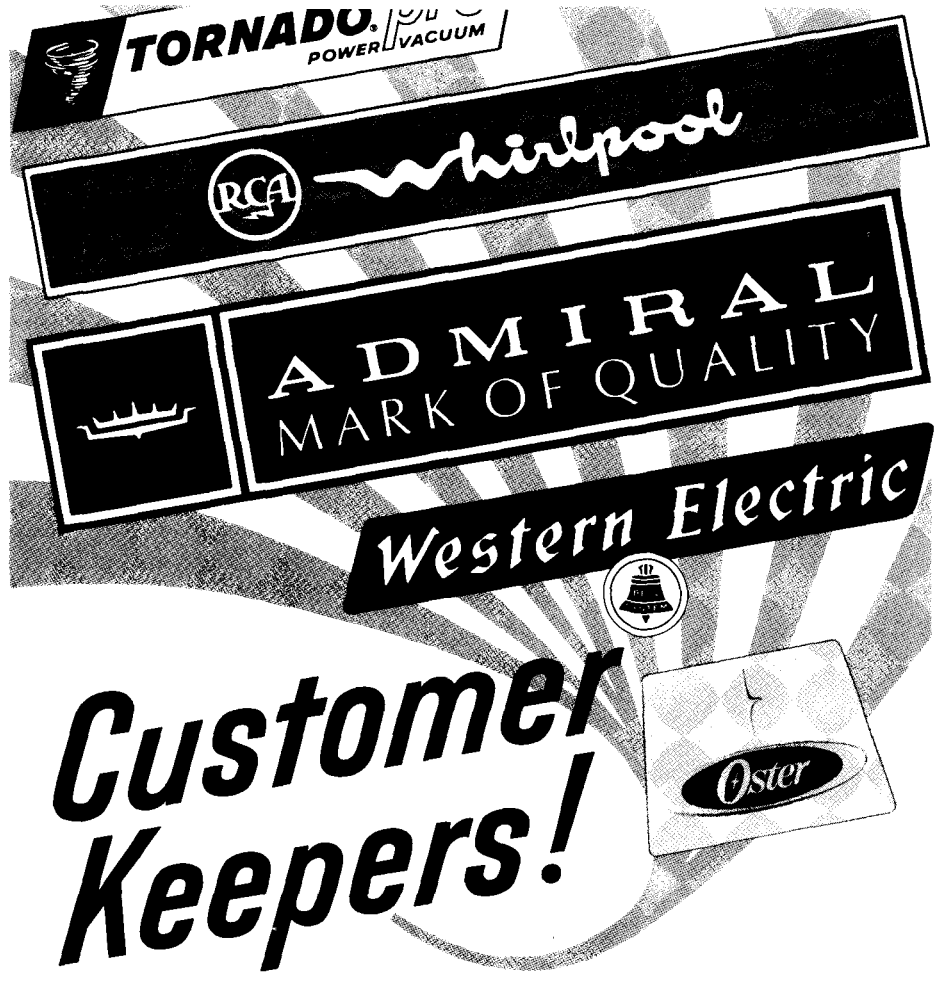
Rerunning 'Camelot'

A little late I finished reading my *NR* of February 27, and came away from Priscilla Buckley's review of *Camelot* with a sense that something was missing. Much of the accent of the review was on a comparison between the stage show and the movie, about which I cannot say anything, not having seen the stage show. But the movie impressed me very strongly as an epitome of everything that is wrong with modern liberalism, and I hoped to see some mention of that in *NR*. Let us see whether you can agree with me.

Essentially, there are two stories in the movie: one is the King's attempt to end forever violence and the use of force, substituting for it an ideal community of knights as well as trial by jury. The second story is the love between Lancelot and Guinevere. The King knows of this adulterous relation, but, loving both his friend and his wife, pretends not to see it and even promotes it by making sure that the two lovers are always safe from surprise by witnesses.

Now the entire logic of Malory's plot is that the wrong which the King tolerates and allows to fester eventually destroys the ideal community he tries to build up. Knight after knight is wrongly punished for speaking the truth which the King is determined to conceal. Eventually Mordred, himself the offspring of the King's earlier violation of the sanctity of marriage, can gather around him an army of knights because of the evil which the King exonerates, and the King is put in the position of giving his assent to the thwarting of the law and the court's decision, i.e. to his own institution that is supposed to end violence. The outcome is failure, utter failure of a scheme of justice built without taking into account original sin.

By the time the King faces death, on the eve of the last battle, that failure should be obvious to everyone, and so should be the reasons. At that point the movie, however, takes an astonishing turn. A boy appears on the battlefield who has heard of the Round Table only the message of utopian perfection. The failure and its causes are unknown to him. The King, upon learning that the



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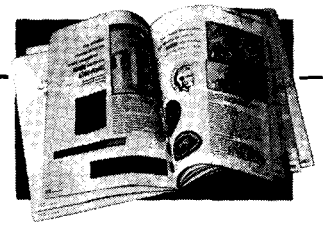

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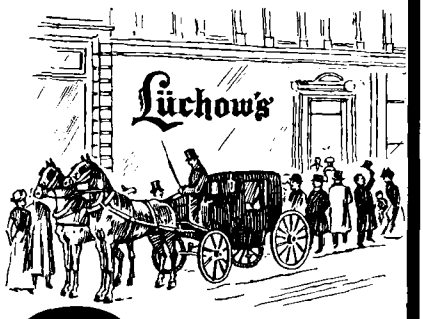

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boy is aware of his high ideals, knights him and sends him away with instructions to preserve his life so that posterity may know of "that fleeting moment of glory, Camelot," and then turns around with a shout of triumph proclaiming that, after all, there is no failure, that he has won his struggle through this boy and his partial information. And this remains the movie's message, the hope with which the audience glows as they walk out into the street.

The movie's message could not have been more emphatic: man is his own savior, the method of salvation is through institutions that eliminate force from societies, and the idea is true even though it may in practice fail.

After the movie, just to make sure, I went once again to T. H. White's book, and there, sure enough, everything was put down black on white, on those last pages which I had skipped as irrelevant drivel when I first read it: "He had been taught by Merlyn that man was perfectible . . . that there was no such thing as original sin. . . . The service for which he had been destined had been against force, the mental illness of humanity . . . the King was trying not to realize. For if there was such a thing as original sin . . . if the bible [sic!] was right in saying that the heart of men was deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, then the purpose of his life had been a vain one. . . .

"There would be a day—there must be a day—when he would come back to Gramarye with a new Round Table [note the capitals which White refused to the Bible!] which had no corners, as the world had none. . . . The hope of making it would lie in culture." Here the true meaning of the book and the movie comes out clearly: cultural activity as man's self-salvation, the necessary assumptions (for instance, on man's goodness) being supplied, and the evidence (of King Arthur's failure) being erased from the record. He who has eyes, let him see.

South Bend, Ind. GERHART NIEMEYER
University of Notre Dame

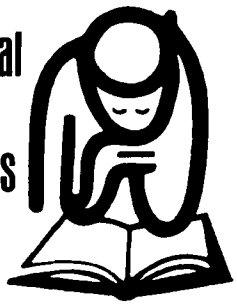
The New Stassen

Re your February 27th issue—"Political Notes," page 171. If any Republican could use some sort of change in his image, it must be Stassen! Hope he takes kindly to your calling him Howard!

In the future, perhaps Clyde Percy, Robert Nixon, Gerald Romney, Norton Rockefeller and Ralph Reagan will appreciate, well, you know, some little reference to give them just the boost they need! Rocky prefers Richard L. Nixon, I recall.

Houston, Tex. J. S. RUSSELL

Winners 1968 National Book Awards



fiction
THORNTON WILDER
The Eighth Day
Harper and Row
Judges: Josephine Herbst, Granville Hicks, John Updike

poetry
ROBERT BLY
The Light Around the Body
Harper and Row
Judges: Donald Hall, Harvey Shapiro, Theodore Weiss

arts and letters
WILLIAM TROY
Selected Essays
Rutgers University Press
Judges: F. W. Dupee, Hilton Kramer, Wylie Sypher

history and biography
GEORGE F. KENNAN
Memoirs: 1925-1950
Atlantic-Little, Brown
Judges: Daniel Bell, Quincy Howe, Justin Kaplan

science, philosophy and religion
JONATHAN KOZOL
Death at an Early Age
Houghton Mifflin Co.
Judges: Rene Dubos, Philip Morrison, Edward Shils

most distinguished translation
HOWARD AND EDNA HONG
Søren Kierkegaard's Journals and Papers
Indiana University Press
Judges: Martin Malia, Walker Percy, Willard R. Trask

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, a non-profit educational association. The awards consist of six 1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, the Association of American University Presses, the Book Manufacturers' Institute, and the National Translation Center.

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The WEEK

● This week we thought we would contribute to international monetary stability by refraining from all comment about gold.

● Gettin' to where a fella just doesn't know which riot report to believe anymore. The President's Commission on Civil Disorders tells us: "White racism is essentially responsible for the explosive mixture which has been accumulating in our cities since the end of World War II." Not so, says a six-city study conducted by the Lemberg Center for the Study of Violence at Brandeis University: "There is no direct relationship between the level of white resistance and the level of Negro dissatisfaction. Nor is there any systematic relation between the level of white resistance and the occurrence of a riot. We are thus forced to conclude that hard-core white resistance has little bearing on a city's riot potential." There now. Clear?

● Dr. Benjamin Spock blooped into the news last week when his attorney sought to dismiss the charges against him and his four co-indictees by challenging the legality of the war in Vietnam. (Originally, it may be recalled, Spock & Co. presented themselves to the public as martyrs who had deliberately violated the law for conscience' sake.) The attorney, Leonard Boudin, offered to provide the court with depositions from 25 witnesses around the world attesting to the legal merits (or lack of same) of U. S. prosecution of the war. The Justice Department responded to the motion by arguing that such testimony would be immaterial to the indictments, since "matters concerning the Vietnam confiict do not bear on Dr. Spock's guilt or innocence." The charge against Spock, Justice noted, is conspiracy to violate provisions of the Selective Service Act, and the "law is clear that a defendant's subjective notions of 'higher law,' no matter how motivated, cannot be the yardstick of criminal intent in the enforcement of the Selective Service Act."

● "Especially those of us who are white know that if the government jails and silences and crushes militant black spokesmen it is only a matter of time until white critics of governmental policies will be treated in much the same way." Dozens of Westchester fatcats signed the above statement and its accompanying drivel and surged out into the streets —actually they gave fundraising cocktail parties— to pile up the $30,000 it will take to post bond and get H. Rap Brown out of a New Orleans jail (where he is being held for violating the conditions of his bail), in time for the fires next time which, Westchester residents are comfortably sure, will not be lit in Scarsdale and White Plains.

● From the *New York Times,* Friday, March 22, 1968: "Q. Governor [Rockefeller], could you please outline for us your views on the war in Vietnam? A. Sure. My position on Vietnam is very simple. And I feel this way—I haven't spoken on it, because I haven't felt there was any major contribution that I had to make at this time. I think that our concept as a nation, and that our actions, have not kept pace with the changing conditions. And therefore our actions are not completely relevant today to the realities of the magnitude and the complexity of the problems that we face in this conflict." Now, can there be any doubt that Rocky was behind Romney?

● New York hippies welcomed spring by invading Grand Central Station, where they interfered with passengers, waved balloons, tossed firecrackers, scrawled obscene graffiti, removed the hands from and defaced the clock over the information counter. (The clock's only offense was telling it like it was.) When police tried to break up the throng, there were cries of "Fascists!" and "Sieg Heil!" It was later learned that while most of the crowd was just hippies with nothing better to do, a good 5 to 10 per cent were provocateurs from the un-hip but ever-active New Left. That explains the strident antiwar and anti-police slogans, which didn't use to be part of the hippie mode. Seems the flower children, tired of doing their own things, are sampling somebody else's.

● Then there are the yippies (Youth International Party; A. Ginsberg, T. Leary, elder statesmen), who plan a love-in for Chicago at the time of the Democratic convention. New Lefties met the other day to plan strategy for the convention, and decided to "work cooperatively" with the YIP (because, one presumes, nothing can tie up a convention like a bunch of meticulously sloppy kids blowing pot at the delegates—bringing grass to the grass roots, see?). Other decisions: peaceful demonstrations—but no attempts to "impose peaceful tactics" on other groups demonstrating; coordination with Dick Gregory's demonstrations, which he hopes will force a call-up of the National Guard to protect the convention. Meanwhile, from Mayor Daley: "No one, no matter who he is or who he represents, will be able to take over the convention hall or the streets of Chicago."

● The New York City Commission on Human Rights sent a request, recently, to the Juniper Elbow Company, for a "minority group census" of its employees. Juniper Elbow ignored it. On February 9

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Mr. A. Franklin Anderson, Chief Contract Compliance Officer of the Human Rights Commission, sent a follow-up request, citing Section 343-8.0 of the City's Administrative Code. On February 12 Mr. Jesse L. Wiener, President of Juniper Elbow, wrote to said Anderson, reminding him that Section 343-8.0 prohibits the asking, indicating, or transmitting of information regarding the race, color, creed, or church of an employee. Wiener said he agreed in full with such non-discriminatory safeguards and resented being told to violate the law. The City Commission on Human Rights, apparently buffaloed, has retreated into bureaucratic silence. Mr. Wiener continues to employ all sizes, shapes, colors, creeds, etc., and wins the *NR* award for Guts of the Month.

● Meanwhile, Mr. Marvin Freedman, Assistant Director of the Los Angeles Department of Public Social Services, has sent out Administrative Bulletin 1381 (March 15, 1968) requesting welfare employees to send in lists of "names of Jewish families who would be interested in receiving special Passover relief to cover the additional cost of Passover foods." One worker (who seeks anonymity) reminded Mr. Freedman that, no matter how praiseworthy the goal, California welfare regulations provide (Section 40-101.37): "There is to be no question, inquiry, or recommendation relating to the political or religious opinions or affiliations of an applicant. . . ."

● A fat sheaf of requests for 4-D (ministerial) deferments from 1-As (Hey, you!) in the California draft pool has Selective Service officials rubbing their collective chin. Draft boards across the state are particularly skeptical of the many young clerics who have seen the light through the good graces of the Universal Life Church, Inc., the president of which corporation, the Rev. Kirby J. Hensley, explained his religious order this way to a *New York Times* reporter: "We ordain you without question of your faith, for life and without a price. . . . You can start a church, and we'll send you a charter . . . and you can have it right in your own home if you ain't got nowhere else, know what I mean?" Know what you mean. Selective Service regulations entitle accredited ministers and seminarians to 4-D classification. California law gives the individual churches the right to establish qualifications for their ministries. The Rev. Mr. Hensley figures that his brand of spiritualism has kept "probably a hundred or more" young men out of military service thus far, and the reformation has just begun.

● Our friendly neighbor on the north is taking steps to cease acting as a snug harbor for American draft-dodgers. Bill C-170 has had its first reading in Canada's House of Commons and will probably in due course become law. When it does, American draft-dodgers in Canada will be treated as delinquent members of the American armed services and subject therefore to the Visiting Forces Act, which provides for arrest by Canadian forces at the request of the American military authorities.

● Peter Weiss, who gave you *The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat As Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade*, has now unveiled, in Frankfurt, *Discourse on the Prelude and the Course of the Protracted War of Liberation in Vietnam as an Example of the Necessity of Armed Combat of the Suppressed Against Their Suppressors and on the Attempts by the United States of America to Destroy the Basis of Revolution*. In German, you see, it's all one word.

New Man. New Strategy?

General William C. Westmoreland is a textbook example of the professional soldier: painstaking in small as well as the largest tasks, austere, relentlessly hard-working, as strict a disciplinarian over himself as over his subordinates, shaping his own strong will, ambition and loyalty within the hierarchical structure of the military service. His career, too, has been exemplary: not unusual, spectacular or brilliant (he was 112th in a West Point class of 276), but of a kind to serve as a meaningful model to ambitious young officers of median intelligence and imagination. He mounted the ladder step by regular step, with advanced training (including an approved year at Harvard Business School), staff and institutional assignments alternating regularly with field duties including combat commands in World War II and the Korean War.

As commander in South Vietnam Westmoreland stopped an enemy who was on the verge of winning. In an undeveloped and generally primitive country he constructed vast going installations—harbors, airfields, depots, barracks, roads, fortifications—able to support hundreds of thousands of troops, and he pulled hundreds of thousands together into organized formations. Indirectly at least he had much to do with the relative governmental stability South Vietnam has achieved under Ky and Thieu. He killed many tens of thousands of the enemy and wrecked not a few of his well-laid plans. But for all his remarkable accomplishments, Westmoreland failed in South Vietnam, and that is why he is being fired—for of course he is being fired, though in the ironic, perhaps bitter, form of transfer to the formally higher office of Chief of Staff. Certainly the failure is not Westmoreland's alone. He operated within the stra-

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tegic and policy directives imposed from above. Nevertheless, in the military tradition there can be no excuses for the commander in the field; he must bear the responsibility even when others share it.

At least one point in the record seems unquestionable. Westmoreland's intelligence estimates of the enemy have all along been faulty—have been very far off. This suggests what is quite possibly true more generally: that Westmoreland's training, experience and cast of mind have not equipped him to understand this kind of war—revolutionary war in the Communist mode. He was not involved in World War II's resistance operations; did not operate with anti-Nazi guerrillas or paramilitary groups; did not take part in the postwar civil struggles in Greece and the Philippines or with the British or French in Southeast Asia or Algeria; there is no indication he had any relation to the Cuban revolution. Nor, as his record reads, has he ever written anything about contemporary revolutionary warfare or studied it seriously. Perhaps it is not necessary that the commander himself should have such experience and knowledge, but surely there must be some who do among his immediate aides and associates. The American military, though many of its chiefs either cannot or will not admit this to themselves, is having to learn how to fight a new kind of war—for the Vietnam affair is not the first nor will it be the last of the species. That sort of lesson is bound to be long and bloody. It is especially hard for the highest, therefore normally oldest, echelon, which by the nature of the case has been shaped by the conditions of the wars of younger days.

Undoubtedly, Lyndon Johnson being Lyndon Johnson, one of the motives for removing Westmoreland, as in the precedent case of McNamara, was political. The President is putting another vulnerable target outside the range of his domestic rivals. With Westmoreland gone and the new man just installed, criticism of the *past* conduct of the war will seem dated and lose some of its bite. But the change of command is also a recognition of failure in the past. Merely

putting in a new man will mean little unless with the new man there comes a basic change in strategy. One part of the required change is or should be obvious to nearly everyone: abandonment of the strategy of carefully graduated response, of "incremental escalation," and thus a removal of nonmilitary restrictions on operations against North Vietnam. But more positively, there ought also to be a qualitative change in operations both south and north, paramilitary as well as military, defensive and offensive, to relate them more integrally to the realities of revolutionary warfare. If we do not have commanders capable of conducting that sort of combat, we will have to invent them.

Look Out: Here They Come Again

Throttle the radio, shoot the TV;
Bobby is back and he's using the knee.
Salinger's card-filing, Sorenson, too.
Ethel and Eunice say what can *girls* do?
Jacqueline's carefully choosing her clothes;
Teddy's assigned to recharge Mother Rose.
Galbraith, uneasily running with Gene,
Yearns to abort to the Bobby machine.
Everyone's dying to do in MacBird;
O, what a joy if they wandered in third.

W. H. VON DREELE

The Secret Strategy of Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller, the Shrewdly Conceived Grand Battle Plan of Richard Milhous Nixon, and the Diabolically Ostensible Recalcitrance of Ronald B. Reagan

Whereupon the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW threw the meeting open to questions from the floor. The transcribed tape includes the following passages:

Q. Why did Nelson Rockefeller withdraw?

A. He didn't.

Q. Okay, why did he *say* he was withdrawing?

A. He had confirmed that the great bulk of Republicans did not consider him their first choice. He would have looked bad in the primaries. He bugged out. Also: he got wind of the clever tactics of Richard Nixon, who was using the Rockefeller candidacy as a spook to scare right-wingers into his camp; and he got wind of the clever tactics of the Reagan backers, who also were using the Rockefeller candidacy (or potential candidacy), this time to try to cut down Nixon's stature in the press and in the primaries. Rather than play patsy to both rivals, he took a powder.

Q. You just said he *didn't* withdraw, though.

A. For purposes of public consumption and the convenience of the headline writers, Rockefeller with-

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Julius Caesar Crosses the Rubicon

Or rather, explains why he won't, in what Scotty Reston calls the "patient, well-mannered, dispassionate and comfortable" style of Gov. Nelson Rockefeller

Following are excerpts from Cisalpine Gaul Gov. Julius Caesar's statement and news conference regarding the crossing of the Rubicon, as transcribed by his aide, Aureus Victor:

I have called this news conference today in order to reiterate unequivocally that I shall not cross the Rubicon, directly or indirectly, swimming, wading or walking.

Needless to say, I have been deeply moved in recent weeks by the feverish activity of volunteer cadres, which, during their own lunch hours, have amassed more than 50,000 small and medium-sized craft for that purpose. Consequently, there arises for me a political, personal and logistical obligation to explain briefly the reasons for my decision to stay on this side of the river.

At the outset, let me say that no Roman appreciates better than I the meaningful symbolism of the location of the Rubicon in the life of our City-State. At the same time, I would be derelict and uncandid were I not to articulate my abiding conviction that meaningful concepts, if they are to remain relevant, must keep pace with the realities of the magnitude and complexities of changing conditions.

Thus, for me to cross the Rubicon at this time, much as I honor the right of open dissent and free use of waterways in our society, would only lead to an abrasive conflict between and among personalities, issues, convictions and ambitions. Moreover, I cannot help but note that the effect of my migration, not to mention that of my legions, would almost certainly be the sharp decline of property values on the north bank, hardly the kind of constructive alternative to present policies apparently desired by our Roman citizenry.

Ideally—and I think that all conscientious factions can agree to this—the Roman proconsul who crosses the Rubicon to overthrow the Republic, should, in very great measure, reflect as broadly as possible the will and spirit of our citizenry and their chosen leaders, who, it is clear, are abundantly anxious to avoid any such divisive distraction as disturbed the unfortunate era of Sulla and my Uncle Marius.

However, quite frankly, I find, or at least my own private polls indicate, that a considerable majority of the Roman Senate at this time prefers the *imperium* of my former son-in-law and foremost rival, Pompey, who, as luck would have it, is already ensconced on the south bank.

Therefore, since we are passing through a time of crisis probably without parallel in our history, it seems to me incongruous to imagine that the needs of Rome can intelligently be served at this aquatic juncture by exceeding my assigned geographical limits, a course of conduct which would simply muddy the waters of a mainstream not of our own making.

Furthermore, let me point out that I am profoundly committed to my continuing responsibilities as Governor of Cisalpine Gaul, which include, among other problems, the development of meaningful solutions to the nagging crisis of our countryside.

Finally, as to my future course: I have stated that I reclined ready to be carried across the Rubicon, and I still so recline. But let me reassert my conviction that I expect no such conveyance and shall therefore do nothing in the future which might lead to anyone's getting his feet wet on my behalf.

Now, I realize that we live in an age when the word of an ambitious provincial governor with three legions at his command seems to invite instant and general suspicion. However, to spare myself any measure of such distrust, I today signed the appropriate order directing that my troops withdraw from the river bank, in view of the fact—as I have reiterated at every news conference on this subject I have ever summoned—that I will not cross and do not intend to cross the Rubicon.

Now, are there any questions?

Q: Governor, would you mind telling us what all that means?

A: Sure. Just what I said. Specifically, that the water is very, very cold this time of year.

Q: Would it be fair then, Governor, were some political pundit to interpret your statement to mean that as far as you and the Rubicon are concerned, the die *isn't* cast?

A: Well, let me put it this way: all I can say is what my Uncle Marius used to tell me about situations like this.

Q: Which was?

A: *Never* say *die*. . . .

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Lyndon Johnson is having trouble, right in his own backyard. Washington, D. C., you see, is one of the epicenters of the Dump Johnson movement—and the D. C. delegation to the convention this summer might just be composed of Dumpers. True, the District will have only sixteen votes in Chicago—but if they go to Kennedy or McCarthy, Johnson will lose face out of proportion to their number. He's already scrambling to save the situation, but more about that later. Already, seven candidates for delegate, alternate and various local Democratic Party posts have defected from the pro-LBJ slate being fielded in the May 7 District primary—all in the wake of Bobby Kennedy's announcement that he wants to run.

For a while last week, it looked like Washington voters would have a simple choice in the primary: the Johnson slate *v.* a Kennedy-*or*-McCarthy slate. Then McCarthy, in a sudden change of mind, torpedoed plans for a joint peace slate. The fusion had been worked out in talks between Joseph L. Rauh, a McCarthy backer and long-time ADA-er, and the Rev. Channing Phillips, who is close to Kennedy. Peace candidates would have run under the rubric, Citizens United for Peace/Citizens for Urban Progress (CUP/CUP); all CUP/CUP was supposed to do was dump Johnson as quickly as possible, after which it would be "left up to the conscience of each delegate" whether to support McCarthy or Kennedy.

◆ At first, McCarthy had "no objection" to the joint slate: "All members of this slate agree with my position on the key issues facing the nation today, and I'm quite willing to take my chances on what might happen in case of a showdown in Chicago." (A showdown, we may assume, with Kennedy.) But then—while Bobby was being pawed by the adoring out in California—McCarthy met with his campaign chairmen from eight states where he will run in primaries, and decided to defuse the fusion. (It is interesting that Democrats United for Peace and Progress, a pro-McCarthy outfit, never withdrew its own slate from the primary.)

It's said that McCarthy decided to go it alone out of a sincere belief that he can make it against Kennedy. Almost certainly, growing annoyance with Bobby's pass-and-cut-off tactics and his repeated attempts to seduce McCarthy's best workers contributed to McCarthy's turn-about. Then, too, there is the possibility that the whole fusion move was a Kennedy operation: on a taut ship like the *S.S. Bobby,* it's unlikely that the Rev. Mr. Phillips could have canoodled with Joe Rauh without the tacit OK of his leader. McCarthy's operation is a good bit looser; could Rauh have been led down the primrose path? There are reports that he and McCarthy are at odds over the whole matter, and Rauh's only comment on the change of mind was a wan, "I've said that I will walk the last mile with him and I intend to do so." But *whose* last mile?

◆ So Lyndon Johnson faces two opposition forces, not one—which must be heartening. It still looks a bit grim. Tilford Dudley had to be removed as District Democratic chairman last week, because of his opposition to the Vietnam war. A lot of big guns have ditched out on Johnson, among them many leaders of the Negro community. To ease his way, Johnson had hoped to have his slate headed by Walter E. Washington, the District's Negro (and first) mayor. But technically, as a District Commissioner, Mayor Washington is a federal employee and thus subject to the no-political-activity Hatch Act. When the District government was remodeled last year, the House forgot to continue a clause exempting Commissioners from the Act. Rep. Omar Burleson (D., Tex.), an old Johnson-helper, last week had to withdraw his bill restoring the exemption. Despite the aid of Majority Leader Carl Albert and other friends of the President, he couldn't muster the votes.—**CATO**

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drew. That makes it hard for Nixon or the Reaganites to use the threat of his candidacy to their own purposes. In actual fact not a single serious Republican professional believes Rockefeller is out of the race. He has merely adopted a Fabian strategy suited to his situation and deferred the launching of his overt campaign.

Q. Is the Rockefeller campaign dormant, then?

A. Dormant like a shark. Rockefeller will stay on the prowl for targets of opportunity. In above-the-battle rhetoric he will chastise Nixon for political opportunism. If Reagan is so unwise as to show his face, Rockefeller will sneer at his inexperience. Rockefeller's general objective is to avoid active campaigning himself while making life impossible for any other Republican hopeful.

Q. Then it's Nixon, and that's that.

A. Whoa, boy! That first ballot at the convention is all clogged up with favorite sons, remember. Give Nixon all the doubtfuls and he still may not make it on the first ballot. It can be a horse-trader's convention. Nixon, at the beginning, will doubtless have the largest grubstake. Rockefeller hopes to keep all the other players on short rations. Rockefeller counts on gaining strength, ballot by ballot, until Bingo! Nobody yet has it firmly locked up.

Q. What can we look for from here on out?

A. Rockefeller will watch the opinion polls hopefully, deliver a few lofty speeches "on the issues" and let his admirers try out a few gimmicks—such as the Coalition for a Republican Alternative, which was formed in haste a couple of hours after he announced his so-called withdrawal. You'll notice that the Coalition mentioned everyone but Nixon and

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Reagan as possible GOP candidates. You can expect Nixon to go through the motions of campaigning, but it's hard to stir up much drama when there's no visible conflict. Rockefeller has deprived Nixon of himself and Romney as targets, and if you want a critique of the Johnson Administration then the strongest attacks are coming from Robert Kennedy and Eugene McCarthy, Democrats both. Nixon may have to borrow from the Kennedy-McCarthy rhetoric in order to sustain public interest in his own attack.

Q. That's it?

A. One more thing. There's no doubt that right now Nixon is the odds-on favorite in the tote board, but the last few months have shown that there are plenty of surprises in politics, even so many as to dishevel the predictions of columnists Evans & Novak. A prudent observer, noting the slipperiness of events up to now, would be on firm ground if he said: Chances are there will be plenty more surprises between now and the GOP National Convention in August. Hang loose.

Bobby Freaks Out

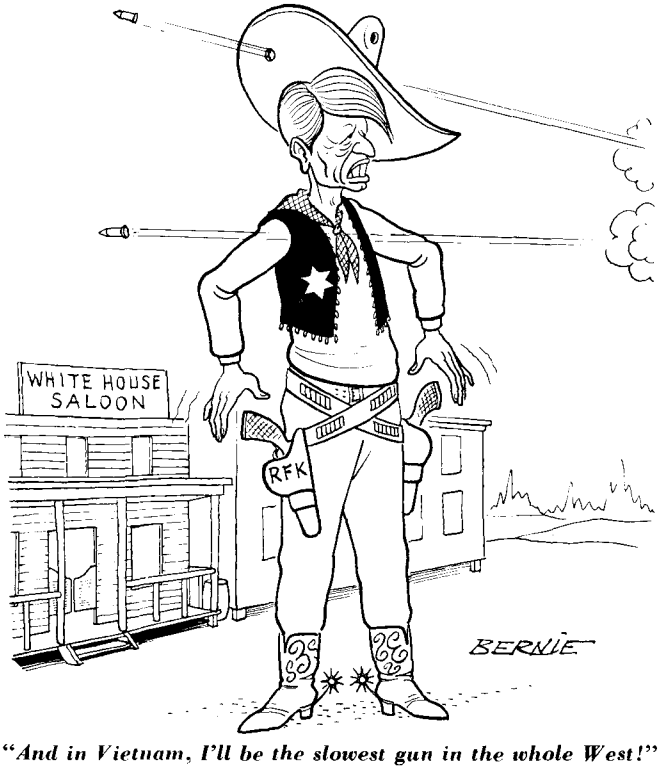
It is no longer the Age of Cool. Bobby Kennedy let Eugene McCarthy go through the swinging doors first and came in with his guns blazing in the mop-up. That, however the exigencies of Kennedy's situation add up in sheer political logic (*He* can't win, *I* can), is precisely not the "grace under pressure" for which his admirers so praised his late brother; it is to have succumbed to a stampede; it is to have been caught up tight. So that a sometime supporter, Mr. Murray Kempton, can write that, in proffering himself rather than Sen. McCarthy to the nation, Mr. Kennedy has "done with a single great gesture something very few public men have ever been able to do: In one day, he managed to confirm the worst things his enemies have ever said about him." "I blame myself," Kempton adds, "not him, for all the years he fooled me."

Well, Kennedy is still fooling a lot of people. His campaign is all overtones and emotions, a totemistic reverberation of 1960. Hitting campuses around the country, plunging into Negro ghettoes where even McCarthy has not yet dared to tread, he says, "Give me your hand, I need your help." To the young it is possibly not even a memory, nor will the associations of "Let us begin again" strike many of them as improper. What they are listening for, if they are listening, is exhortations they understand from one who understands them. Kennedy is going after students as formerly politicians went after labor and farmers. With two young speech-writers at his elbow (one of them an expert on rock music) he gives them such gems as, "If our colleges and universities do not breed men who riot, who rebel, who attack life with all the youthful vision and vigor, then there is something wrong with our colleges." (Cheers.) "The more riots that come on college campuses, the better the world for tomorrow." (Ovation.)

The tactics of desperation don't seem unworthy to the freaked-out generation. While the over-thirties debate Bobby's "ruthlessness," the kids are gobbling him up—the kids Kennedy strategists are counting on, Jack Newfield tells us in *Life*, to be the "energizing center of the campaign [in California]. Also, we can win, and you have to win in order to end the war." Kennedy will not win on kids' votes but on their muscle. The votes will come from those who, like the suggestible Margot Hentoff of the *Village Voice*, found Kennedy, two days after New Hampshire, looking "worse than ever. Mean, crabbed egotripping, graceless. And very short. But a week has passed. . . . And the last time I saw McCarthy on television he sounded a little snappish and looked somewhat less luminous. Kennedy, on the other hand, is growing younger and taller again. His haircut is not so studied, after all, and—" and Mrs. Hentoff wants to win with Bobby. Perhaps, in time, Murray Kempton will want to, too.

Black Student Power

About one thousand students at predominantly Negro Howard University in Washington, D.C. took over the campus for four days last week, sitting, talking, reading, singing and sleeping in the hallways of the administration building while the regular occupants



"And in Vietnam, I'll be the slowest gun in the whole West!"

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escaped to a hotel across town. It was the most dramatic explosion of student power in the United States since the Berkeley summer of 1965, and it was overdue. Although young Negroes are the most demonstrative class of the Sixties, the student movement seemed to be passing them by. Howard was the logical place to play catch-up because, first, it is the most prestigious black university and second, unlike most of the others, it sits in strategic territory, a mid-tier city where Negroes outnumber whites three to two. So the time was right, the setting was proper and there was a felt provocation.

During the past two years, white students at white universities have won whopping concessions from their administrations, but Howard Negroes find themselves in an institution that has no-cut class attendance policies, imposes strict dress rules and was requiring ROTC training for all male students as recently as January of this year. Howard is an anachronism because its administrators, like many Negroes of the last generation who have struggled painfully upward in an approved field of endeavor, are cautious and inflexible men. Once arrived, they have been naturally reluctant to jiggle the deck. They are Joe Louises at a time when many of their students are Muhammad Alis, and the confrontation had to come.

The one thousand demonstrators last week demanded 1) no punishment for students participating in the demonstration or in earlier ones, 2) establishment of a student judiciary board to handle disciplinary matters in the future, 3) the resignation of President James Nabrit Jr. and 4) an emphasis on Afro-American culture and history in the curriculum. From his hotel room, President Nabrit shot defiant statements to the press during the occupation, but Howard trustee Dr. Kenneth Clark, the Negro sociologist, headed a group that carried on all-night negotiations between the two camps and came up with a compromise. The administration agreed to the first two student demands. The students agreed not to push for Nabrit's resignation—he will be out anyway in September when he reaches Howard's mandatory retirement age. The only real rub for campus militants was rejection of the curriculum overhaul, for here Dr. Clark, who is himself a serious educator, held his ground.

The Clark team struck a plausible balance in its settlement, though the result will not satisfy the activists. If they want a curriculum of community organization (i.e., disorganization), paramilitary and guerrilla doctrine, their version of Asian philosophy and African culture, and mass action, the existing society is not likely to permit the colleges it provides and pays for to switch to such a program. This first blowup at Howard is not likely to be either the last or the worst.

The False Liberators

Whenever a student revolt starts in a Soviet satellite, there arises in well-meaning Western minds not merely an understandable sympathy for anyone, anywhere, rebelling against oppression but also a cozy belief that the rebels must be just like us, liberals, social democrats, or even conservatives. In fact they are usually Communists. Take the statement of Antoni Zambrowski, spokesman for the Polish students, now reportedly under arrest. He is the Jewish son of Roman Zambrowski, who was recently sacked from the vice-presidency of the Supreme Control Chamber for alleged instigation of the riots. Antoni stated his views to the Party Control Commission:

"I am a Marxist and a Communist, and for this reason I am a member of our party." He wants to see the democratization of public life, but only "by bringing back all the Leninist norms of party life, for instance, the right of individual members to organize different platforms at party conferences." . . . He wants contested elections, but only between competing candidates from the Front of National Unity, as "in the UAR and Tanzania." In the long run he hopes for "a change to a political system which allowed a legal opposition, a party based on socialist principles and in accordance with the constitution of the Polish People's Republic."

All right, the rebels may not have a grasp of what we mean by democracy, but at least they have Western regard for human liberties? Rubbish. Antoni Zambrowski says that "the worst aspect of the affair has been the use of the Shorter Criminal Code against this Communist opposition." But he has not the slightest objection to using the law against "reactionary underground organizations." In other words, some organizations are more equal than others. Zambrowski favors an understanding with the Church, not because this is a moral and spiritual necessity but because "we cannot consolidate the achievements of socialism without the firm support of the whole of the working class. But unfortunately the vast majority of the members of our working class are believers." This is naked totalitarian cynicism. The young Stalin, fresh up from Georgia, could not have put it nastier.

Notes & Asides

The editorial writer for the *Washington Post*, who was scarred up during the McCarthy days and reacts to security investigations like an old-time union organizer to right-to-work, has performed his yearly do against the House Committee on Un-American

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Activities—which deserves criticism, as a matter of fact, but not for what it has done, but for what it hasn't done, during a period when un-American activities are becoming increasingly chic. It is a pity that HUAC, during this interim of relative inactivity, doesn't at least bestir itself to change its rather vulnerable name (See *The Committee and Its Critics*, 1961). But if we were members of Congress, we'd be clamoring for investigations into the ties between the Communists and the rioters; the strength of the black racist groups; the feasibility of refined legislation aimed at riot-promoters. Who knows, such laws as a mobilized HUAC might get passed might secure the *Washington Post* building against the random firebug or sniper. Incidentally, the opponents of HUAC in the House increase. A nudge to one's congressman is in order.

● Professor Lawrence Southwick Jr., of the School of Business Administration at the University of New York at Buffalo, comes forward with an ingenious means by which Congress can raise revenue and diminish purchasing power this crucial, overheated year.

The United States Government owns 13 per cent of the nation's electrical production capacity, nobody-quite-knows-why. Ninety-seven per cent of these holdings are in seven projects, generating almost 30 million kilowatts. They are: Central Valley (1,014), Columbia Basin (6,544), Hoover and Parker-Davis (1,690), Missouri Basin (2,258), Southeastern Power Administration (1,677), Southwestern Power Administration (1,242), and of course everybody's old favorite, Tennessee Valley (13,923).

Now, explains Professor Southwick: "Assuming that these seven new corporations would be run as efficiently as the average private power company, their aggregate net profits would be about 20 per cent of sales, or some $400 million per year. At a stock price of fifteen times earnings, a reasonable figure, the sale of these seven projects to the public would generate $6 billion for the federal Treasury." Add to that the multiplied effects on GNP, tax revenues that would thenceforward accrue to the government: a solid proposal, which Congress should certainly consider, and, having considered it, should definitely pass.

● Truman Capote (no fan of NATIONAL REVIEW's politics) in a published interview in March *Playboy*: "I would say that the four best-edited commercial magazines extant are 1) The *New Yorker*, 2) *Time*, 3) *Vogue* and 4) NATIONAL REVIEW, in that order . . ."

● And, an excerpt from the obituary notice published in the Newsletter of the American Political Science Association (Winter 1968) on our former colleague, Senior Editor Willmoore Kendall by Charles S. Hyneman of Indiana University:

> The stormy career of Willmoore Kendall came to an end on June 30, 1967.
>
> Kendall returned to the United States [from Oxford] to study for the Ph.D. degree in political science at the University of Illinois. Here he wrote the dissertation *John Locke and the Doctrine of Majority Rule*, which was later published and gave him a claim to scholarship that could never be impeached.
>
> In 1947 Francis Coker wrote William Anderson that Yale needed Willmoore Kendall more than the University of Minnesota did, and the Minnesota department released him prior to his having taught a course at Minnesota. The succeeding years at Yale were marked by recurring controversy in matters of politics, political science, and educational policy, and in 1961 his service was discontinued by mutual agreement of teacher and institution.
>
> Willmoore Kendall was esteemed by many of his colleagues and by others as a discerning critic and constructive adviser; for many of them manuscripts were greatly improved by generous donations of his time and thought. He was perhaps equally well known as an unyielding critic and fierce antagonist. He was out of phase with the liberal mood of American scholarship; he believed that liberal prescriptions were rooted in misconceptions or unconcern for sound political principles, and he thought it his proper business to expose the fraudulent and set the well-meaning right. He was by no means unaware of the price he paid for performing a service that was not always asked for and perhaps usually not appreciated.
>
> As a teacher he was surely universally stimulating. He made probing analytic inquiry an important and urgent necessity for great numbers of students. Many of them remember a Kendall course today as a turning point in their intellectual interests. Some of those students entered into a continuing relationship of tutelage that crowded the borders of intellectual domination. For some of these young men the inevitable break was not easy, but I have never heard one of them say that his gains were not genuinely important and lasting.
>
> Kendall's contributions to professional literature are less than they could have been, less than they would have been if he had not had such a raging compulsion to expose error and force recognition of sound principles here and now. His contributions are important, nonetheless; my own judgment is that few of his generation in American political science can match his claim for attention over the decades immediately ahead. This judgment rests not only on the admiration for his study of Locke which has been expressed by American, English and other European scholars. The textbook on political parties which he co-authored, and his articles on the conditions and consequences of democratic government seem to me to provide some of the most perceptive and most persuasive analysis in our literature. Neither he nor his scholarly work will be soon forgotten.

—W.F.B.

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

The McNamara Legacy

Robert McNamara lacks the conciliating talent mandatory for public figures in a democratic society. He does not say, "So far as I can judge . . . ." or "There is something to be said for both sides . . ." or "In my opinion . . ." but "The fact is . . . ," "The truth is . . ." When he disagrees, he begins, "You fail to understand" or merely, "You are wrong." This way of talking is particularly antipathetic to admirals and congressmen, and has not a little to do—"in my opinion"—with the passionate antagonisms McNamara aroused during his seven-year span as Secretary of Defense. That passion suffused and often overwhelmed discussion of the great issues that studded his regime. Perhaps now that he has left the mainstream for the bayou of the World Bank it will become possible to consider those issues more nearly on their objective merits. Where McNamara was right it is surely imprudent to punish the nation because McNamara was arrogant. Where he was wrong it still may be possible to correct the error.

Burnham

McNamara—"so far as I can judge"—was brilliantly right in his proposal for the seaborne "Fast Deployment Logistic" system: for a fleet of fully equipped supply ships to be stationed at key locations throughout the world-ocean, ready to support any brushfire action anywhere. The FDL system is obviously correlated with the huge Lockheed C-5As, the prototype of which recently emerged from its Georgia hangar. Both are derivative from a strategic conception of a global projection of U.S. power far more advanced, rapid and flexible than the existing capabilities which the Soviet Union will soon be sharing. The FDL project was blocked by a combination of obsolescent shipbuilding companies and unions and isolationist-minded congressmen worried about America's playing "global policeman"—deluding themselves with the fancy that if only we could get out of the Vietnam mess we could settle back in our own garden.

Anti-Missile Trouble

McNamara was wrong, I believe, about the Anti-Missile System: wrong, that is, to appease the AMS lobby by giving a go-ahead, last autumn, to a thin system. In the March *Scientific American* the nuclear scientists and weapons experts Richard Garwin and Hans Bethe demonstrate, once more, the futility of anti-missile systems at the present stage of development. Recent discussion in the Soviet press by Marshal Chuikov, chief of Soviet civil defense, and others indicates that Soviet strategists have reached the same conclusion. Cost-efficiency analysis applies here with peculiar clarity. It is much cheaper—as well as simpler and more reliable—to increase the capability of missile penetration than of missile defense. Building an anti-missile system is therefore necessarily a losing proposition. The thin Sentinel system now scheduled will be obsolescent before it is operational. Naturally the Chinese will adapt their intercontinental missiles to Sentinel's arrival. The money and facilities now planned for Sentinel—and the expanded AMS sure to be demanded once the AMS ball starts rolling—would be far better spent on improving and speeding new offensive missile systems.

The most persistent controversy of the McNamara septennial was over F-111 (né TFX). It was inevitable and proper that there should have been strong differences of opinion concerning a project so radical, so costly and so entangled with diverse interests; most certainly it was the business of Congress to examine very carefully a proposal for which it was asked to appropriate so many billions of dollars. But it is hard to explain why some of the opponents of the F-111 have been so violent, so inexhaustible and so reckless in their criticisms. They have been reckless in their frequent misstatements of facts open to ready verification and their distortion of what facts they do state. And they have been reckless with the nation's security, by implanting through the endlessly repeated misstatements and distortions doubts so deep that they might have deprived the Air Force and nation of what is unquestionably their most advanced and versatile and may well prove their most effective weapons system.

The Naval Orphan

The built-up prejudice may indeed be enough to destroy the Navy version (F-111B), though there is no good reason to doubt that the F-111B can carry out its essential naval mission: to serve as platform for the Phoenix missile system, able to "loiter" for hours on guard a considerable distance away from the carrier. The Navy will never admit it's entirely happy with the F-111B, because the entire F-111 project bypassed the Navy's Bureau of Procurement and was assigned to the Air Force as systems manager. But for the years immediately ahead, the responsible majority of the naval command, like the Joint Chiefs, knows how much the Navy needs the F-111B, and how heavy a blow it will be if Congress refuses to fund it.

These are samples of the hardware issues. To them might be added for depersonalized appraisal the administrative issues linked to the McNamara regime. It may be hoped that the advanced management techniques McNamara introduced will be separated for judgment from the accompanying over-centralization and over-specification (in, most notably, that whiz-kid specialty, "Contract Definition"). Then too, the Vietnam experiences, not to mention the *Pueblo*, ought by now to have convinced nearly everyone, even McNamara, that there is a limit to absentee combat command, despite the wonders of electronic communications.

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Letter From Rhodesia

TO CRUSH A MOUSE

ELSPETH HUXLEY

Salisbury. Latest round to Mr. Wilson, hands down. Mr. Ian Smith's government successfully branded as a gang of ruthless thugs stringing up Africans in defiance of Queen, UN and Pope; at the same time, by an adroit piece of by-play, any possibility that credit might go to Tory leader Alec Douglas-Home for reopening a way towards the settlement of the Rhodesian dispute effectively squelched. Back not to square one but to square zero. Sanctions will be intensified, the heat turned on as far as it will go; and the worst sufferers will be Rhodesia's 4.5 million Africans.

Elspeth Huxley

Anyone who thinks that Mr. Smith's government, or the support of white Rhodesians for it, will weaken, is living in a fool's paradise. Everyone now admits that sanctions have failed and no one sees any reason why they should not continue to fail. "We are strong enough now to be generous," was the comment of one of Mr. Smith's supporters, but one who wished he had reprieved the five murderers. Salisbury remains a boom town. Office space, apartments or houses are next to impossible to get, despite a surge of building activity. Since UDI, some 500 new industries are said to have been started. Some are tiddlers, but others considerable, such as clothing. I talked with a young man who has quadrupled his output of clothing since UDI and now exports women's dresses by air to Europe on a growing scale. So significant have exports to South Africa become that manufacturers there are pressing for import restrictions. Many things that used to be imported into Rhodesia are now homemade, capital is coming in for big developments like fertilizer factories and mining, the exodus of Europeans has been reversed; last year there was a net inflow of over 4,000 whites.

Against this are the long sheds of unsold tobacco. This has been the most severe blow, and has led to difficulties with balance of payments. Over 60 per cent in value of tobacco exports used to go to Britain. Now Rhodesians are planting tobacco of another type that, they say, can be sold elsewhere. They are confident, if not cocky. If there is one sure thing it is that a stepping-up of world hostility will only step up their resolution and loyalty to Mr. Smith's Rhodesian Front government, and muffle voices of denial. Opposition is there, especially on the part of the press, controlled by South African interests who have always been, on balance, anti-Smith. Good as UDI may have been for little business, it has not been good for big business, and what big business wants is a restoration of normal trading relations with the rest of the world, never mind who governs in Salisbury.

The irony of the situation is that all this driving of Mr. Smith's government into a corner has merely weakened the "liberal" or "moderate" elements and strengthened that section of opinion favoring apartheid, and a South African solution in central Africa. Rhodesia is still a multiracial country, whatever anyone may say. It is not—not yet—a minor South Africa. Thirteen elected Africans sit in parliament—not many out of 65, but not none; the Republic has an all-white House. In most Salisbury hotels, Africans are welcomed as guests. (This is left to the discretion of the management; in the Republic, separation is normally obligatory.) There are no "Nie Blanke" signs on park benches. There is multiracial sport. One-third of the students at the university are African. Some say this is window-dressing and that, at heart, Rhodesia is just as apartheid-minded as South Africa. I do not believe this, despite the Land Apportionment Act which residentially divides the races. I think it hangs in the balance. Anyway, it is better to dress windows than to strip them. To take one example: in South Africa, miscegenation is a statutory crime. A distinguished Afrikaner writer who married a Vietnamese girl may not bring his bride home. Outside Salisbury, an area has been set aside where people of mixed marriages may build and own their own homes.

There are straws that suggest the wind is changing. The Smith government, like all governments, covers a spectrum of opinion whose poles are crudely labeled Right and Left. Mr. Smith is a middle-of-the-roader whose right wing is commonly said to be pressuring him. All that has happened in the last weeks must inevitably strengthen the pressure of the Right and freshen the wind blowing from South Africa.

The Smith government's greatest success, greater even than beating sanctions, has been in restoring law and order which, before UDI, had got into a shaky state. The two African political parties were at war. It was a dirty war, directed at ordinary, nonpolitical, law-abiding Africans whom they wished to recruit to their ranks, on payment of substantial entrance fees. If Africans refused to ante up, petrol bombs were lobbed through their windows, their houses were set alight and they and their families were beaten up and left for dead. Chiefs who tried to put an end to this were stabbed, shot, strangled and clubbed. Two of the men recently hanged after dismissal of their appeals for clemency were guilty of a murder of this sort. Had their sentences been commuted, promises made to the chiefs that their authority would be upheld at all costs would have been broken in the eyes of those chiefs.

So bad had the situation become that Africans were sleeping on the floors of the premises where they worked rather than go home after dark, and states of emergency had been declared in two African townships. This has been put an end to by the Smith government. Africans go home in safety, they gather at beer-halls of an evening with music and dancing, there are no more petrol

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bombs. The prison population has shrunk by one-third and I was told —I do not vouch for this—that Rhodesia is the only country in the world where the crime rate has dropped in the last few years.

There has been a price for this, of course: powers to detain or restrict the movement of citizens without trial. This is applied at present to rather less than 400 persons, including the two political leaders, Messrs. Nkomo and Sithole. The liberty of 400 persons has been sacrificed to the security of nearly five million. Is this a reasonable bargain? Some say yes, some say no. White Rhodesians are yes-men of course and so, it seems probable, are most of the blacks who do not relish being burnt, stabbed, beaten up and otherwise intimidated. They seem to prefer peace.

Mr. Wilson's government are no-men and this has been one of the issues all along. This, and the position of the chiefs. The Smith government claims that the chiefs speak for the bulk of the African people who are still organized in tribes and preserve tribal ways. These include a chain of consultation between the chief at the top and the men of the kraal at the bottom acting through spokesmen, and results in the chief saying not what he thinks himself, but what he considers to reflect the opinion of the bulk of fellow tribesmen. The Wilson government maintains that this is baloney; that chiefs are has-beens and stooges who say what the government wants them to say, and that the only way to discover African opinion is to take a direct, secret-ballot, broadly-based vote.

This was the major issue between the two sides up to the time when Chief Justice Hugh Beadle and his fellow judges decided that condemned murderers have no right of appeal to the Queen's Privy Council in London, and must suffer the capital punishment that Rhodesian law still demands. After Mr. Wilson's clever trick in advising the Queen to pardon the men, which he knew could never be admitted in Salisbury, all the arguable issues have been kicked out the window and only a naked confrontation remains. The *Tiger* proposals have perished along with the felons, and that is that.

This is tragic, because even a modicum of a genuine wish to settle on both sides could have brought about a settlement. The differences were wide but not unbridgeable, until Mr. Wilson, in a single act, blew the bridges to smithereens. "It may take time, but we shall crush Rhodesia," a British official said recently in Salisbury. That has been the attitude throughout, carried to such petty lengths as ordering the captain of the *Tiger* to refuse acceptance of a copper bowl Mr. Smith wished to present to him, and refusing permission to send two ploughs to Rhodesia to take part in an international ploughing match. And to such short-sighted ones as cutting off the grant that helps to sustain the multiracial university, so depriving Africans of opportunities to qualify themselves for senior positions in their own country, and hold back the progress the British government ostensibly, and so self-righteously, wishes to promote.

The Joker in the Pack

Will Britain, or will the United Nations, crush Rhodesia? This looks unlikely, to say the least. Not with words, anyway. Tightening the screw of sanctions merely strengthens the Rhodesia resolve. The joker in the pack is the Republic of South Africa, which cannot afford to see Rhodesia collapse. It cannot afford to tolerate an influx of terrorists coming down from Communist-controlled training camps in Zambia and Tanzania. It cannot afford to see its frontier with the black African republics shifted from the Zambezi to the Limpopo and to face hostile Zambians over the Beit bridge.

But nor can white South Africans afford, and nor do they wish, to annex Rhodesia. They cannot afford to add another five million (near enough) Africans to their own twelve million plus, so further tipping the balance in the black favor. A handful of 230,000 whites, mostly English and not Africaans-speaking at that, would be a poor counterweight, and add political complexities. Dr. Vorster's government is anxious, in its cautious fashion, to feel its way towards a better understanding with its black African neighbors. The Rhodesian tangle impedes this. Therefore, if for no other reason, the Republic wants to see a settlement, but is powerless to bring one about.

The dangers of the situation, though temporarily eased by the clemency exercised by Mr. Smith's government, are escalating. Polarization of white and black proceeds. Everyone wants a settlement except the black republics, who want war, and—by his actions—Mr. Wilson, who wants to crush Mr. Smith and the Rhodesia Front. So where do we go from here? The U.S. is too deeply involved in its own tragedies, internal and external, to do anything constructive, and seems content to back uncritically the Wilson and the Afro-Asian line. So the British lion has the Smith mouse in a corner. A lion shorn of claws and teeth to which no one else pays much attention; bears and dragons, even frogs and springboks, go their ways regardless, but how it can roar at a mouse! And if it should be crushed, not just the fur and whiskers would go, but also the liver and lights, heart and lungs, these would go too: it would be the Africans who would suffer most because there are more of them, and they have nowhere else to go. They would have votes and slogans, but not much in the way of jobs and mealie-meal.

Possibly the Mauritians should have the last word. On assuming independence—without benefit of British royalty to haul down the flag, the island was not safe enough to risk one—they announced an attitude of "benevolent disapproval" towards South Africa. Perhaps benevolent disapproval of Rhodesia might be the answer, with all faces saved.

The Trouble With Rockefeller

Four generations since the old man died:
I still remember scenes on Pathé News
When Rockefeller Senior would divide
A dozen dimes among the caddy crews.
His seed is everywhere. One grandson reigns
In Arkansas; another rules at Chase.
In Albany, a third says he disdains
Ambitions for a Presidential race.
O Lord, give Nelson strength in his resolve;
Help Happy carp in harpy fashion, NO!
Illuminate the way he likes to solve
Insolvency by squandering more dough.
If he recalled that dollars come from dimes,
I think they'd panic at the *New York Times*.

W. H. von Dreele

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COVER STORY

The senior Senator from Minnesota is running where the brave dare not go. He is a dove who would not become a stalking horse; and he is flying high in a liberal quest that evokes a conservative's respect

McCARTHY—MAN FROM LA MANCHA

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

There was a time in the gentleman's life when he thought fleetingly of a career that would be embodied in a single line of agate, running fourth from the top in a Yankees' lineup:

MCCARTHY, E.....1b

That was thirty-odd years ago, in the glorious days when the Yanks under another McCarthy were about to claim seven pennants in a span of eight years. But the McCarthy of this particular essay, though he once was scouted by the White Sox, never made it out of a semi-pro infield.

Again, there was a time when the gentleman thought with deep seriousness of a career that would be embodied in the title of "Father McCarthy," or the Rt. Rev. Eugene Joseph McCarthy, or even Joseph Cardinal McCarthy. Toward that end, he spent nearly a year in a Benedictine monastery, but the vocation wasn't there.

He became a teacher instead—a professor of sociology. Teaching led to politics, and politics to five terms in the House and two in the Senate; and these led him in turn, in the winter of 1968, to New Hampshire. There, on the evening of Tuesday, March 12, he threw his young followers into transports of joy; he also threw Senator Robert Kennedy into the spavins and heaves. To the astonishment of practically everyone, including the senior senator from Minnesota himself, the gentleman walked out of New Hampshire's Presidential primary with 42 per cent of the Democratic vote. For a dove on his own in a mews full of hawks, it was a fairly incredible showing.

The Washington press corps, at once bemused and disarmed, has been searching the record books for another candidate to compare with Gene McCarthy. The name of Adlai Stevenson, of course, comes first to mind. Parallels are sought—and discarded—with Jack Kennedy, Henry Wallace, Norman Thomas, Bob LaFollette. One or two characteristics might be matched with Wilson, Hughes, the Bull Moose Roosevelt. Albert Beveridge was a Progressive and a writer; nothing else is analogous in the two careers. George Norris, like McCarthy, was a Midwestern liberal and a schoolteacher too; there it stops.

One returns to the name of Adlai Stevenson. Like the Senator, the late Ambassador was a cosmopolitan product of the small-town Midwest, an intellectual, a voracious reader, a dedicated liberal; but Stevenson had qualities, for good or ill, that McCarthy does not have. Stevenson walked through public life in the fashion of the Aqua-Velva man, leaving a faint scent of money and of Ivy League behind. He was an odd amalgam of fire, ice and indecision; he wore urbanity like a dinner coat; he was tougher than McCarthy, and less tough.

McCarthy the Presidential candidate stands in a class by himself. He is tall—a shade over six feet—and weighs 190 pounds; greying hair, blue eyes, firm mouth, good chin, no sign of jowls. He reminds one of Ray Milland, or of Gary Cooper dressed for church. He meets people as if he had been interrupted in Chapter 17, and truly would like to get back to his book. He is polite, patient, preoccupied. One observes him at a campaign rally, an island of reserve in a sea of animation. The puzzled question forms on the Senator's face: "What in the name of heaven am I doing here?" It is as though a poet had wandered, quite by chance, into a Legionnaires' convention.

McCarthy is in fact a poet. Competent critics who have seen his poems—he will not let them be published—say they bear the mark of genius. But he is not to be appraised this spring as a poet. He is a politician, pursuing his party's Presidential nomination. In this role he turned up a few weeks ago in the Military Park Hotel in Newark, N.J., on a night that was filled with flurries of snow. The Senator was the guest of honor at a fund-raising dinner sponsored by New Jersey Volunteers for McCarthy. More than 1,300 guests were in prospect. Joe Rauh, the oldest Young Democrat of them all, had come from Washington to shake down the crowd. George Kennan, eagle-

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bald and brooding, was to introduce the speaker. It was, in brief, an entirely typical rally—one more whistle stop on the campaign trail. As such, it provided a fair look at McCarthy in action.

How Serious a Candidate?

The Military Park is a soup-stained hostelry, its one-time elegance worn at the cuffs, the carpets trod thin by Rotarian feet. A visitor looks at the lobby and sees the soul of Newark lodging there. A McCarthy aide, commenting upon the decor, explains that the Volunteers would have rented the Robert Treat Hotel instead, but the Robert Treat, Newark's best, historically is the home of New Jersey's Democratic loyalists; its management wanted no part of McCarthy's rebel hordes. So they took up residence in the Military Park instead.

Upstairs, in Suite 1215, the Volunteers' headquarters are like campaign headquarters anywhere: two rooms and a bath, with the bathtub full of campaign folders. On the wall, a partisan exhortation: "President Johnson for Senator." And under it: "Senator McCarthy for President." The candidate's color scheme is blue, black and white; his campaign buttons are as chaste as an Eastern fuselage.

Three hours before dinner time the main room was a comfortable clutter of half-eaten sandwiches, paper cups, filing cards, ticket lists, and ringing telephones. One typewriter was manned by an exquisitely pileated youth, his curly tuft marceled in Clairol crimson; his deskmate was as bearded as the young Ulysses Grant. (Later, in New Hampshire, the bobbed and bearded ones would be shorn or kept from public view, at the pained request of McCarthy's managers, but here they were hard at work.)

Most of the campaign aides were women 35 to fifty, attractive, good-natured, veterans of other Democratic wars. The whole undertaking seemed to be generally in charge of a plump young man, Douglas Ireland, a dough-faced lad, white as a dinner roll taken too soon from the oven; he was smoking, unexpectedly, an eight-inch cigar. It stuck from his face, when he leaned back in a chair, like a creosoted pole in the snow. Ireland is a United Auto Workers man, ordinarily attached to the New Jersey Industrial Union Council. Plenty of union members, he said, were backing Gene McCarthy.

As the afternon wore on, the hubbub increased. A visitor, trying to sense the atmosphere, found little that seemed to indicate a rapture for McCarthy *qua* McCarthy. The mind rolled back to other years and other campaign suites—Stevenson's in Chicago, Kennedy's in L.A., Goldwater's lusty, gusty offices four years ago; in these other times and places, the candidate reigned supreme. Here in McCarthy's suite, the talk dwelled on issues, chiefly Vietnam abroad and poverty at home. The Senator seemed as disembodied as his portrait on the wall.

At something after four o'clock, Gregory Hewlett came in. He is New Jersey State Chairman of Volunteers for McCarthy, a wiry little man in his mid-fifties, publisher of the weekly *News-Record* at Maplewood. A fringe of silver hair peeped from a sloping rain hat. He looked like one of Snow White's friends. We talked for a while in a kitchenette alcove.

Did he think McCarthy was a serious candidate? Hewlett squinted agreeably through smoke and bifocals. The answer was yes and no —yes, because McCarthy represented a serious issue, but no in the sense of getting elected. Still, "he's getting across — increasingly so — and he'll surprise a lot of people before he's through." Like everyone else in the McCarthy movement, Hewlett came aboard largely because of the war, partly out of sheer antipathy to LBJ. He never had thought of himself as a political activist, but there he was at the top of the letterhead, chairman of the "sad-happy occasion." It seemed an odd way to describe a gala evening in the candidate's honor.

"Sad," said Hewlett, "because we have lost faith and respect for the man we voted for in 1964. Look at Johnson and what do you see? The collapse of our dreams of a great society, his war in Vietnam, his refusal to understand the crises of America. But it's a happy occasion when 1,300 persons will come out on a bad night like this, to manifest the degree and the depth of their opposition to him. We could have sold another thousand tickets if the hotel could take 'em. New Jersey isn't unique. All over the country, Democrats who are fed up are looking for an alternative to Johnson. They can't find it in Bobby: he's sat on his hands too long, thinking more of Bobby than of what is right. Where can they turn? They can turn to McCarthy."

The Senator originally had planned to fly from Washington to Newark on a 1:50 Braniff. Because of the lowering weather, he had taken a train instead. He was due in at six o'clock and it was getting on toward five o'clock now. Downstairs, in the hotel basement, a meeting room had been set up for a press conference. A buffet table offered saucers of ketchup and mustard, but so far, nothing to put the ketchup and mustard on. Hewlett, an old wire service man, had thoughtfully provided some beer. A handful of young reporters were killing time, among them a girl with Twiggy eyes from the paper at Perth Amboy. This was her first campaign. Old hands tell fearful lies on such occasions.

In a Cracked Mirror

A few minutes before six, a flurry at the door marked the Senator's arrival. Doug Ireland was puffing at his stern, but otherwise there was no retinue and no sense of high excitement. McCarthy loathes the conventional press conference. His apprehension was etched in worry-lines around his eyes. He moved uneasily among the reporters, looking like a bridegroom on his way to dinner at the in-laws, saying the things one says to his dentist. It is a curious thing about young reporters; they seem to look younger every year, like cops and baseball players. They fell upon the Senator like so many cats on a bowl of chopped liver.

How would he run in New Jersey? He wasn't sure about New Jersey. Precisely how did his views on Vietnam differ from the views of other candidates? Well, he would talk about that at length this evening, but meanwhile, Nixon's views seemed indistinguishable from those of Mr. Johnson, and Rockefeller had seemed to be supporting the President every time he surfaced. On domestic matters, asked a college-press reporter, didn't the Senator himself mirror Mr. Johnson? The Senator made a Delphic reply: Only in a cracked mirror, he said.

A Newark reporter dangled a barbed and baited hook: Didn't the Senator think the President was trying deliberately to prolong the war? McCarthy wasn't biting. No, he said

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levelly, he didn't think the President would escalate or prolong the war in order to win re-election. How far did the Senator think he would get in the national convention? The Senator wasn't sure he would get to the convention at all. What were his hopes in New Hampshire? (This was three weeks before the New Hampshire primary.) Ten to 11 per cent of the vote, said the candid McCarthy, would be discouraging; above 20 per cent would be significant. Supposing Johnson wins renomination: would the Senator support him? There are, said the Senator, resolutely refusing to make news, worse candidates than Lyndon Johnson. What about a Republican? Suppose a really moderate Republican got the nomination, would the Senator back him instead? The only good Republican, said the Senator, is Hatfield of Oregon, and on his nomination you couldn't even get odds.

The Amateurs

McCarthy speaks softly. Throughout the press conference, the public address system kept going off and on, with raucous squeaks of feedback anguish. In the rear of the room, a crew of waiters busily set up a bar. ("Gotta have some more mix here, Harry.") A few minutes before McCarthy's arrival, a hotel crew had appeared with ladders and stapling guns to fasten some bunting to the molding. Now a worker returned to retrieve a forgotten ladder. As he left, a swash of bunting collapsed like a broken wing. One of the closed-circuit TV receivers went berserk, rolling the image of McCarthy endlessly up and off the screen.

It was, in brief, an utterly amateur staging. Nixon's people would not have tolerated it for a second. If McCarthy was annoyed, he gave no sign. He answered the questions flatly, without expression, speaking quickly, too quickly, throwing possible headlines aside. Even in talking of antiriot proposals—and antiriot proposals are big in Newark—he sluffed off a chance to make news. We ought to be spending $10 to $12 billion a year on housing for Negroes, he said; if we don't raise the income levels of the poor, we will continue to be in danger of riots. McCarthy seemed about to get warmed up, but the effort was wasted. "Thank you, Senator," said a reporter in the front row. The press lunged for the wienies and meatballs, and the conference was over. Anticlimactically, another piece of bunting fell.

McCarthy looked relieved. For the first time, he smiled; he does not smile often, one surmises, except inside. This smile was nothing to compare with Ike's grin or Romney's Pepsodent ramparts; it was a modest smile, the smile of a man reading Thurber in bed by himself; but it was not a politician's smile. The Senator, one observes, is a most impolitic politician.

This became evident as the evening wore along. McCarthy went from the press conference to a room across the hall where 300 guests had gathered for a reception at $50 a head. If any other Presidential candidate had been making such an entrance, he would have made an *entrance*. There would have been a band, a greeting committee, a sense of the Very Important Personage arriving. Such amenities were then beyond the Senator's grasp. He went to the reception in the company of a couple of Washington reporters and Miss Twiggy of Perth Amboy, whose ears were full of fearful lies; he arrived as inconspicuously as a rowboat docking on a millpond. The hotel's loudspeakers were delivering rock 'n' roll music at full volume. The Senator's first words were: "Could someone turn that noise off?"

Once the noise subsided, and the guests discovered their Presidential candidate was in their midst, the reception went quite well. McCarthy seemed at ease. Once he visibly winced when a tweedy arm was thrown across his back, but generally he was on his best behavior. Most of the women were 34 and all the men were a lightly greying 45. A covey of quail in mod stockings, green and white, added a Briarcliff touch. Even at the shrimp bar, the Senator could not escape the war in Vietnam. A bosomy woman in green chiffon pressed him close. "Oh, Senator," she breathed, "let's get out of there *now*." The Senator gave her his Rushmore look, and disengaged his arm.

At seven o'clock, Messrs. Rauh, Kennan, Ireland, Hewlett, assorted committee members and 1,300 paying guests filed into the banquet hall for the fund-raising dinner. The head table stretched for thirty yards. Above the table, fastened to a great gold curtain, a banner unrolled in red and white: "EUGENE MCCARTHY FOR PRESIDENT." A mammoth portrait of the candidate, bunting bedecked, beamed upon the throng. And where was the candidate himself? He was upstairs, if the truth must be told, with his coat off and his vest unbuttoned, sipping Jack Daniels and eating a congenial steak dinner with the two Washington reporters. Miss Twiggy somehow had disappeared.

Red Suspenders

It was a wonderfully pleasant dinner. Nothing of importance was said, but it was said with taste and style. The rule of off-the-record applies. Without breach of confidence, however, it is possible to advise readers of NATIONAL REVIEW that the liberals' then-favorite champion is not without conservative instincts: he wears fireman-red suspenders.

McCarthy descended to the ballroom at 8:20. It was precisely as before. A different candidate would have made an entrance through the throng itself, but not McCarthy: He was guided on a wild race through the hotel kitchens, in and out of two overflow rooms where he took the company entirely by surprise, and thus by a side door to the banquet hall. No band, no spotlight, no one standing on his chair. The next President of the United States, as alas, he was never introduced, arrived at his largest campaign dinner unannounced. He surfed to the speakers' table on a wave of nice applause, and sat down at once between a crew-cut professor, white-carnationed, and a pneumatic brunette, pink-badged, gold-earringed, who came from New Brunswick. Dessert was being served. A reporter, counting the house, was struck by a thought of passing political significance: McCarthy's liberal record on "civil rights" is unexcelled in the Senate, but the crowd this night in Newark was 98 per cent white. Not more than thirty or forty Negro faces could be seen.

One recalled old Goldwater dinners; the sponsoring committees used to hire Pinkerton men to keep head-table traffic moving. No floor cops were needed at Newark this night. Half a dozen women came up: "Oh, Gene, I'm so excited at everything that's happened to you. . . . Would you sign this for my twelve-year-old daughter? . . . I'll be working for you in Princeton. . . ." Apart from these few interruptions, the Senator had his cold coffee in peace. ➔

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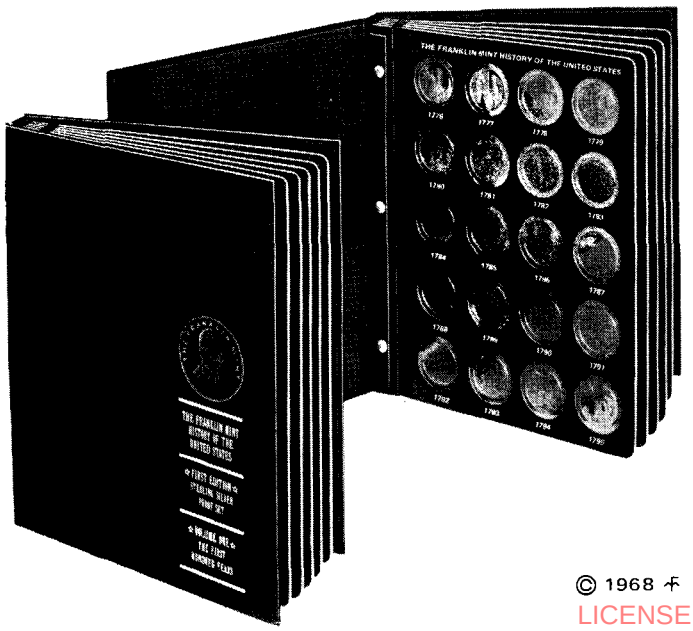

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At 8:57 Greg Hewlett opened proceedings with his sad-happy talk. The candidate sat, hand over mouth, apparently thinking of something else entirely. The crew-cut gentleman on McCarthy's right turned out to be G. Willard Heckel, dean of the Rutgers law school. The lady on his left, diaphanously veiled, was Mrs. Gertrude Kleinman, vice-chairman of the Volunteers. On down the table was a McCarthy candidate for convention delegate in New Jersey's June 4 primary, Mrs. Jeanette Winslow Cascone, a Negro teacher actively identified with the NAACP. ("Tokenism," whispered a man from UPI.) Dean Heckel explained why the crowd had gathered: "To support Senator McCarthy is a way to register meaningfully our indignation at Johnson's policy in Vietnam."

At 9:16 Joe Rauh took the lectern, his lumberjack face aglow with a fundraiser's zeal. He asked for $40,000 "to walk with Gene McCarthy in New Hampshire," and the checks came rolling up. Doug Ireland, impassive as a jar of library paste, gathered the harvest in. Then George Kennan came on, big and leather-crowned and just a tremor in his hands, to make the introduction speech that would steal all the headlines in the morning *New York Times* —a coruscating denunciation of the war. At 9:48.30, he launched into a concluding man-who paragraph. Wearily, rubbing his face, the man-who arose.

Flouting the Rules

Now, if Mark Twain were around to report these affairs, he surely would remark McCarthy's disdain for the rules of such occasions. The rules require that a Presidential candidate, on being introduced, shall give forth with a smile exhibiting not fewer than 22 teeth, including the eight bicuspids. McCarthy limited his display to twelve. Arriving at the microphone, a candidate is expected fully to elevate at least one arm, and preferably both; the Senator did not respond in kind. The circumstances dictated a pair of jokes as openers, one at the expense of Joe Rauh, to be followed by a tribute to the beautiful ladies of New Jersey. The Senator ignored this duty altogether.

The statutes make it clear that a candidate may not appeal to the intelligence of the audience before him. He may properly appeal to patriotism, to partisanship, or to pugilistic instincts; he may dwell upon the necessity for preserving the Republic from the depredations of the Administration in power. Other appeals should be reserved for smaller occasions. A candidate is expected to speak not less than 45 minutes and to gesture not fewer than 128 times. Poetry must be limited strictly—two passages from Shakespeare and one from Edgar A. Guest; no other authors are allowed. If a prepared text has been distributed to the press, at least a substantial part of the text should actually be delivered.

McCarthy paid no heed to these rules. "I have a limited measure of courage," he began. Those were his very words. He spoke for barely 23 minutes, and he made no gestures at all. He launched into a high-level discussion of Vietnam and went on to speak movingly of the Negro as a "colonial" in America. He had distributed a text to the press, but he never came within four and one-half miles of that text. He alluded to the poetry of Dylan Thomas and actually quoted from Robert Lowell. He summoned George Orwell to his side; he invoked Toynbee on the history of Rome. The 1,300 guests interrupted twelve times with applause; mostly they sat entranced. When he concluded, they gave him a 1:40-minute standing ovation. It was a good deal short of Barry playing the Cow Palace, but it wasn't bad.

Nor was this the end of the heresy. The rules of fund-raising dinners require absolutely that upon completion of the speeches, the candidate proceed at once to conferences with his local managers. No excuse of physical exhaustion will suffice. In most Eastern states, managers are expected to appear at the candidate's room by numerical order of congressional districts, provided that wealthy widows and rich oil men shall be taken first. Ward and precinct leaders are to come last, according to the seniority rule.

The gentleman from Minnesota, never having heard of the protocol for Presidential candidates, ducked out of the throng as if the devil were at his heels. He took the first elevator to his ninth-floor suite, and retired to his room. The two Washington reporters tagged along. The Senator once again got out of his coat, unbuttoned his vest, surveyed the Jack Daniels, and put his feet on a coffee table. Except for minor interruptions—Joe Rauh came up to re port on the take, which was consid erably less than $40,000, but not bac not bad—the Senator scarcely budge thereafter.

Was he talking high politics ti midnight? No, indeed. He was talkin mainly of Yeats and Lowell and Theodore Roethke and Vernon Wat kins. And because the reporters light ly pressed him, he talked of the pat that had led him to Newark tha night.

Early On

Eugene Joseph McCarthy was bor in Watkins, Minnesota, March 2 1916. His grandparents, Irish fro County Cork and County Antrin emigrated first to Canada and the to Eden Valley, Minnesota, in th pioneer days just before the Civ War. His father, Michael John Mc Carthy, born in 1875, married a Ger man girl, Anna Baden, from neigh boring Watkins. Eugene was the third child and first boy; his olde sisters, both married, live in Scarsda and in St. Paul; his younger brothe a surgeon, lives in Willmar, Minn.

Two influences have exerted ur usual force in shaping the Senator life. One is his upbringing in rur Minnesota; the other is the Roma Catholic Church. Watkins (pop. 70 is a predominantly German settle ment on the northern border of Meek er County, seventy miles northwest Minneapolis-St. Paul. Eden Valley, predominantly Irish settlement, three miles west of Watkins. This farm country, lake country, a rollin land of small towns and green field Sinclair Lewis grew up in Sauk Cen tre, in neighboring Stearns Count The largest cities for miles arour are St. Cloud and Litchfield.

It is great and spacious country fo a boy to be reared in. By the tim young Eugene reached his formativ years, his father was a successfu farmer and livestock dealer. The Mc Carthys were not rich, but they wer not poor either. It was a good child hood. The Senator recalls that h spent most of his time reading playing—baseball in the summer, ic skating in the fall and winter. At S John's prep, a few miles from h home at Watkins, he was a top scho ar and athlete. One summer h worked in a lumberyard.

In 1932, at sixteen, McCarthy toc up residence at St. John's Universit in nearby Collegeville. Founded i

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1875 by Benedictine monks, chiefly to serve German immigrants fleeing from political and religious persecution in their homeland, the university had a reputation then, as now, for tough scholarship and skull-cracking intellectual exercise. McCarthy had trouble with trigonometry; otherwise

he sailed through his courses with a straight-A record. He played center on the school's championship hockey team, first base on the baseball team, clarinet in the band. He was on the staff of the student newspaper. He won the gold medal for scholarship. In June of 1935, just two months after his nineteenth birthday, he was graduated *summa cum laude* with a major in English.

McCarthy toyed briefly with sandlot, semi-pro ball in the old Soo league; he was never serious about it. Farming and livestock had no attraction for him. He became a teacher at Kimball, Minnesota and began studies at the University of Minnesota that led to a Masters degree in 1938. He then taught for a term at the Mandan, North Dakota public high school, and returned to St. Johns as a college teacher of economics and education. During his year at Mandan, he met a fellow teacher, dark-haired Abigail Quigley, daughter of a weekly newspaper editor and publisher in Wabasha, Minnesota.

It was a time of conflicting emotions. A tug towards the Catholic priesthood moved him strongly. He entered the Benedictine monastery at St. Johns, largest of this order in the world, and for ten months went through the hard and silent discipline of the novice. A vocation would not come, but the in-dwelling experience affected him profoundly. In the rough-and-tumble world of politics the Senator remains an essentially cloistered person; his private life is his own. The war came along. Deferred by reason of a minor physical disability, McCarthy became a civilian technician in Military Intelligence with the War Department. Toward the end of the war, in 1945, he and Abigail were married. She is a writer, teacher, Phi Beta Kappa, Catholic scholar in her own right. Their children are Ellen (1947), Mary (1949), Michael (1951), and Margaret Alice (1955).

In 1946, the newlywed McCarthys settled in a Quonset hut in St. Paul, where McCarthy, at thirty, had been named to the sociology department of St. Thomas College. Until this time, he seems to have taken slight interest in partisan politics. He had been drawn, more or less, to the Farmer Labor Party which played a colorful part in Minnesota politics during the late Twenties and Thirties. The party was essentially populist-progressive, an upper Midwestern manifestation of Bull Moose spirit in Democratic ranks. A few years before the McCarthys returned to Minnesota from Washington, leaders of the Farmer Labor Party had agreed to merge with the Democratic Party, but the union was not especially happy. The FL's only member of the House, Congressman Harold C. Hagen of Crookston, quit the party in disgust and went Republican. A militant Marxist element caused sharp dissension. The congressional elections of 1946 were a disaster; Republican Edward J. Thye won a seat in the Senate, and two Republicans knocked out Democrats in the Minneapolis-St. Paul districts. Minnesota's delegation to the 80th Congress, convening in January of 1947, numbered eight Republicans and freshman Democrat John Blatnik.

In the Thick of It

At this desperate moment in DFL fortunes, Hubert Humphrey, Orville Freeman and others launched a movement to rid the party of its Marxist hangers-on. Young Freeman, then assistant to the mayor of Minneapolis, became secretary of the party in 1946 and State chairman two years later. McCarthy joined in the purge campaign and, rather to his surprise, wound up in 1948 as party chairman for the DFL in Ramsey County.

At this point, he still had no particular ambition to make a career in politics. He was in line to become acting head of his department at St. Thomas's. He liked the academic life. There was baby Ellen to think of. But the resurgent party was desperate for a likely congressional candidate in the Fourth District (St. Paul), where Republican Edward J. Devitt, an Irish-Catholic who had been one of McCarthy's classmates at St. John's, had knocked off a Democrat in 1946. McCarthy took the plunge. He defeated a labor opponent by 380 votes in the party primary and went on in November of 1948 to swamp Devitt by nearly 20,000 votes. In the same election, Humphrey went to the Senate, and two other Democrats reclaimed Republican seats in the House.

The McCarthys came to Washington in 1949. A member who knew the freshman congressman in those days says that McCarthy resented the errand-boy functions of a Representative. "He was generally cool and stand-offish; a hard guy to get to know." Evidently McCarthy went at his job with a scholar's organized mind, for he swiftly developed a respected reputation in economics and farm policy. Surprisingly, for a Minnesotan, he became an expert on Mexican farm labor in the Southwest. His voting record was impeccably

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liberal. As one term followed another, he branched into foreign affairs. His experience in military intelligence led to an abiding interest in the CIA—and to an abiding distrust of its operations.

He had no trouble winning reelection. In his fifth and final race for the House, in 1956, he defeated a lackluster Republican by 103,000 to 58,000. Thus encouraged, he put his sights on the Senate seat that Thye had won in 1946. At the DFL state convention in the summer of 1958, McCarthy narrowly won endorsement for the Senate over Mrs. Eugenie Anderson. Then he defeated former Governor Hjalmar Petersen in the party primary and went on to topple Thye in November. It was McCarthy's hardest campaign, for Thye, also a former governor, had solid strength upstate. With a heavy outpouring from Minneapolis, McCarthy rolled up 53 per cent of the vote and won the Senate seat by a 73,000 margin. Six years later, in 1964, he overwhelmed an unknown Republican, Wheelock Whitney, to win a second term.

Still a Puzzle

After nine years in the Senate, McCarthy remains an enigma to many of his colleagues. He sponsors few bills and makes few speeches. As a member of the committees on Finance and Foreign Relations, he has an attendance record that is only fair, but he is known as a man who does his homework. He ranks as a most indifferent Democrat in terms of party unity. Last year, the average senator stuck with his party on 61 per cent of the votes where a party line could be established. McCarthy's score was 49 per cent; outside the South, only Ohio's maverick Frank Lausche had a lower rating. The Senator is a notable weekend absentee. Last year the Senate took 72 votes on Mondays or Fridays. McCarthy showed up for barely half of them, to establish the worst such record among Democrats in the upper chamber. When he is around to vote, however, he votes a solidly liberal line. He was one of seventeen senators who won a flat 100 per cent score last year from the AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education. His 1967 rating from Americans for Democratic Action was a comfortable 62. By contrast, the conservative Americans for Constitutional Action scored the Senator a cool 5 per cent; his cumulative rating from the ACA, covering nine years of service, is a lugubrious two.

Unlike many men in public life, McCarthy does not run from the idea of "conservative" and "liberal" labels. He is avowedly a liberal, in terms of his own definition. This he spells out as "an approach to human problems." He has said of his kind of liberal:

"He is, in my opinion, normally optimistic, rather than pessimistic. His optimism should not be blind, without awareness or recognition of the realities of the day, but rather should persist and manifest itself in hopeful confidence that progress can be made despite the propensity of human beings and human societies for failure.

"Second, the liberal should bear the mark of humility. He should realize the greatness of the mystery of the human person, and be continuously aware of the dignity of man . . . The liberal must at all times demonstrate a deep concern for human freedom . . . The liberal should also demonstrate a continuing interest in improving and perfecting human institutions, yet be alert to protect the individual from exploitation and oppression by institutions.

"There are certain dangers in the liberal approach. Because the future is not the past, the liberal is often led to underestimate and discount the lessons of the past; or to believe that there must be an absolute break between the past and the present, or the present and the future . . ."

This is, to be sure, liberalism of the old school. It is not the sort of doctrinaire exaltation of the superstate that sometimes is manifested by the Senator's junior colleague from Minneapolis, Walter Mondale. McCarthy's liberalism has a way, now and then, of running off in remarkably conservative directions. In an interview with *Nation's Business* a few months ago, McCarthy was asked about new federal controls, as in packaging and labeling, intended to protect the consumer.

"I don't think the Federal Trade Commission ought to move in and say, 'You can't advertise a *big* gallon.' It seems to me that is something that should be left to the people. Or to say that you can't have a large box of breakfast cereal only half full. It seems to me that people will open the box and know what they are paying for. When you get to some things, like standards for tires, for example then you can have a national standard."

A Foreign Affairs Man

To the extent that a conservative position was defined on the "truth-in-packaging" bill, McCarthy's comment probably comes close to summing it up. On other domestic issues his position generally has kept close to the established labor-liberal line He has voted unflaggingly for urban renewal, public housing, aid to the cities, expansion of public welfare He has voted, in effect, for nullification of state right-to-work laws. Last year, he was one of only nineteen Northern Democrats who voted against a move to impose a settlement of the rail strike after a final negotiating period of ninety days. He voted for an additional $40 million in rent supplements. He voted for a $92 million one-year job-training program. He voted against a Republican effort to cut non-defense spending by 5 per cent across the board. And whenever an issue of "civil rights" came along, he voted as one with the liberal bloc.

McCarthy's mark on the Senate if it may fairly be said that he has made one, has been largely in the field of foreign affairs. Though he ranks last among Democrats on Foreign Relations, he has come to life in corridor work and floor debate on issues that have seized his interest. Reportedly, he exerted a considerable quiet influence in obtaining the Senate's narrow ratification of the Soviet consular treaty. Last August, he played a leading role in the liberals' fight to abolish the Pentagon's revolving fund for the financing of arms sales. In his several books, most recently in *The Limits of Power*, he has sought to define a position of selective American response to crises abroad.

It is a fair criticism of the Senator on this point, that it is often difficult to find a consistent pattern in his choice of selectivities. He is entirely willing to make large concessions to Panama. "It has become clear," he writes, "that alteration in the status of the Canal Zone will be necessary to insure continued good relations with the Republic of Panama." As a general proposition, he shuns American involvements abroad, and regrets the extension of American responsibility. He sees no excuse that could

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have justified American intervention in the Dominican Republic "against a supposedly imminent Communist takeover." The Senator is a tiger, however, on the Middle East:

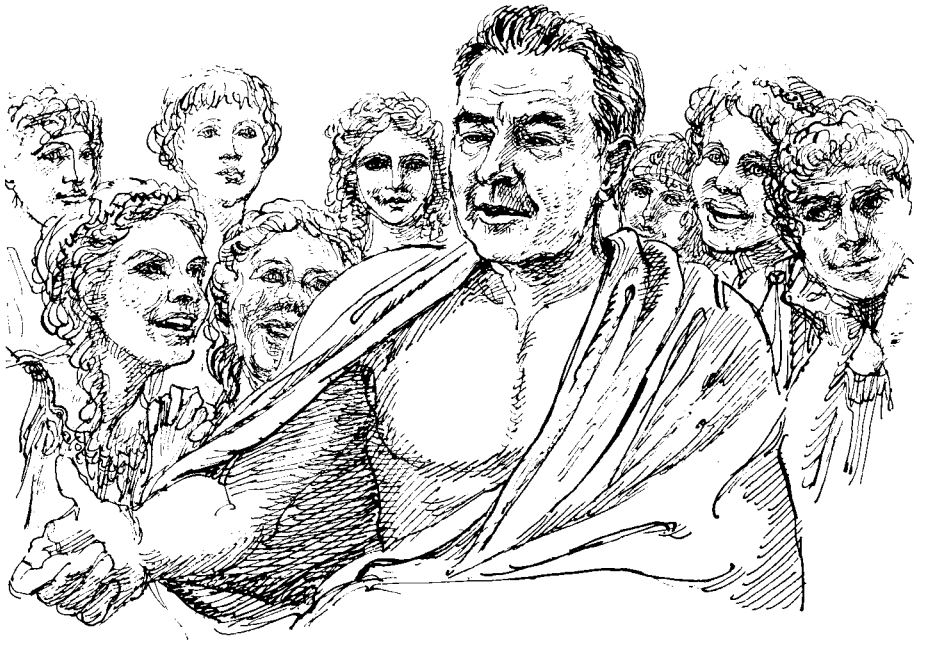
"After our involvement in the Suez crisis of 1956, we should have insisted that the Suez Canal be open to all nations. We should have pressed more vigorously for a clear definition of 'innocent passage' with reference to the Gulf of Aqaba and, as a leading maritime nation, we should have assumed responsibility for free use by all nations of that waterway . . . We should affirm unequivocally the international character of the waters of the Gulf of Aqaba and the Strait of Tiran, and we should assert, support, *and assure* the right of all nations to use of the Suez Canal." (Emphasis added.)

For a leading dove, that would appear to be remarkably hawky talk. The Senator has his ambivalent moments also in the general field of foreign trade. He generally favors expanded trade and lower tariffs, but with a judicious eye upon his Minnesota constituents he has advocated legislation limiting meat and dairy imports. He does not want the U.S. to police the world, but he opposes military aid by which small nations might better defend themselves against Communist subversion. The Senator is not an especially easy bird to keep in a pigeonhole.

On the matter of Vietnam, however, there has been no inconsistency in McCarthy's position. He has opposed the American buildup from its inception. He was among the first to oppose the bombing of North Vietnam and to demand that it be halted. In his eyes, the war is morally indefensible. He denies that an American commitment must be maintained either to sustain treaties or to defend our national honor. "Our national honor is not at stake, and should not so readily be offered."

McCarthy questions every aspect of the war: "First, assuming that we understand what we mean by victory, is there a possibility of victory? Second, what should be the cost of that victory? Third, what assurance do we have that a better world or a better society will emerge in Vietnam following that victory?"

For his own part, he sees no possibility of any "victory" worth the winning. He frequently alludes to Rome's subjugation of Carthage, which resulted in the "economic, social and religious derangement of Roman life." But his reasons are not primarily historical or intellectual; they are emotional: "When will the killing stop?" he asks. "How many more must we kill to avenge those who have already died?" In one speech after another last fall, he demanded that "every effort be exerted to bring about some kind of limitation and ultimately a settlement of the war." Put the conflict in the lap of the United Nations, he has urged; or adopt the Gavin plan for abandoning "search and destroy" missions in favor of holding enclaves instead; seek negotiations aimed at a coalition government in Saigon. Do anything. But above all, stop the killing.



The Senator, to be sure, is not alone in holding these views. In one degree or another, they are held by such Democratic colleagues as Fulbright, Morse and McGovern; most notably, they are held by the junior Senator from New York, Robert Kennedy. Persons who know McCarthy say that last fall, he willingly would have yielded to almost any prominent figure in his party to take a peace position to the country in the Presidential race. It was not until he became convinced that Kennedy was unwilling to go near the water that, in November, he astonished himself, his family, his party, and his President by announcing his nominal candidacy for the White House. He was like the little red hen. He would do it himself.

LBJ's Buddy No More

A less flattering explanation for his announcement is advanced by the Senator's critics. They look back to the July night in 1960 when McCarthy first gained national attention with his magnificent nominating speech for Stevenson at Los Angeles. He adored Stevenson. He has remarked that his own goals in foreign policy are essentially those that Stevenson might have made as President. In the Senator's office in Washington there hangs a color photograph of McCarthy making the convention speech, autographed by Stevenson "for Eugene McCarthy, with affection, gratitude and everlasting memories of my 'finest hour.'" It was the Kennedy gang, of course, that did poor Adlai in. By forging ahead in November, it is said, he could claim a belated revenge by causing Kennedy to appear timid, indecisive, and gutless.

Critics also look back to 1964, when Lyndon Johnson permitted the rumor to circulate, prior to Atlantic City, that he just might be thinking of Eugene McCarthy for the number two place on the ticket. Earlier the President had heaped praise on the Senator's head: "One of those uncommon men who puts his courage in the service of his country." The President had waxed eloquent: "I served with [McCarthy] in the Senate. He's the kind of man—as we say in the ranch country of Texas—who will go to the well with you. That's a homely way of saying you can count on him in dark days or bright ones

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. . . Gene McCarthy is my counselor, my colleague, and my friend." At Atlantic City, nonetheless, the number two spot went to a different Minnesotan.

McCarthy has long since ceased to be the President's counselor, colleague and friend. In his speech at Newark, McCarthy bitterly remarked, in reference to Vietnam and poverty, that Johnson already had surrendered on one front at least: "He's fighting only one of those wars and not winning either one." Two weeks after the Newark speech, just before the primary in New Hampshire, McCarthy angrily tore into Johnson for failing personally to put a stop to campaign accusations that McCarthy regarded as below the belt.

For my part, to intrude a personal judgment, I accept the Senator's own explanation of his November announcement. McCarthy may be a puzzle, but he is an honest puzzle. He is not the strongest or most aggressive man in public office, and I suspect he shares the tendency toward laziness that is manifested by most men who love the contemplative life. But he is a man of principle; and when he remarked that night at Newark that "I have a limited measure of courage," the passing thought occurred at the press table that McCarthy was proving at least the courage of his convictions.

Campaign with a Diffidence

To say that McCarthy has been an unusual candidate is to put the matter mildly. He has been an unbelievable candidate. Shana Alexander, writing in *Life* Magazine, summed up his diffident campaign with brilliance and affection. His shortcomings, she said, "are really problems of congruity; his personal style is out of phase with our noisy and anxious times." McCarthy is thus a man out of fashion. At a time when every other political performer is strutting about the stage, the Senator's manner "is more suggestive of Emmett Kelly trying to sweep up his own spotlight."

Mary McGrory, star of the *Washington Evening Star,* covered the Senator's January meanders through California. "The trouble with Eugene McCarthy," she wrote, "is that he is trying to spark an uprising without raising his voice." Ward Just, of the *Washington Post,* has echoed the theme; in New Hampshire, he remarked, the Senator seemed "so gently contemplative that he might well have been running for the Presidency of Plato's Republic."

Toward the first of March, the Senator's bland presentation began to develop some ginger, and by the night of the New Hampshire primaries he was revealing a grin that, for him, was positively ear to ear. When he first hit the campaign trail, however, he shuffled along on slippered feet. The hippies, who had turned out to welcome him in California, were promptly disenchanted. They had come to embrace a soul brother in the revolution of 1968. McCarthy's idea of an interesting revolution was the peasant uprising of 1381. The flower children were eager to be turned on. McCarthy's battlecry, after a scholarly review of Vietnam, was couched in these flaming words: "I ask you to stand with me in this re-examination and this attempt to rewrite Democratic policy in 1968." Swinging their beads, the hippies departed. Perhaps McCarthy was smarter than we thought at the time.

It was not only the hippies who sensed a letdown in the professor's appeal. California liberals are unlike liberals elsewhere. One gropes for the right phrase. They are political swingers. McCarthy arrived in Fresno on the heels of Vice President Humphrey. So far as Vietnam is concerned, the two could not be further apart. Hubert the Hawk told the California Democrats everything they did not want to hear, but he told them these things with passion; and they whooped with applause. Then came McCarthy, speaking in flat accents of the "dead hand of John Foster Dulles." The assembled Democrats should have responded with wild cries of adulation; instead they sat in cheerless silence, unimpressed.

This was the way it went for weeks. McCarthy tried irony; most of his listeners did not dig it. He appealed to an audience of a thousand as if he were lecturing a graduate seminar. He is a conservative dresser, given to chaste ties and decorous pinstripes. Doubtless he has a modest repertoire of rostrum jokes; he kept these to himself. He was forever stumbling over his own honesty.

"Would you describe America's involvement in Vietnam as a racist war?" The question came from a Black-Brown Caucus, with a hissing head of steam behind it. McCarthy blinked.

"No," was all he said.

The Senator is drawing his principal encouragement and support from students, and from a relative handful of old liberals, such as George Kennan, who have gone out of their way to help him. Prior to New Hampshire, he was getting nothing but silence from fellow Democratic dissenters in the Senate, who long ago learned how the bread of patronage is buttered. Neither was he getting the kind of big money he needs to run a splashier race. Blair Clark, the old CBS hand who is serving as his national campaign manager, was publicly cheerful at Newark; privately he was bitter that the pledges of December never seemed to arrive in the January mail. Or in February or March, for that matter. Ten days before New Hampshire, the McCarthy campaign was scratching for cash to pay an impatient printer; there wasn't even postage money in the house. The New Hampshire returns, coupled with the Senator's surprising capture of sixteen delegates in Minnesota—not to mention his apparent acquisition by default of 72 delegates in Massachusetts—brightened the fund-raising picture considerably.

It was the students who brought off the Minnesota coup in early March. The Administration's people apparently had assumed, by reason of inattention or overconfidence, that all of Minnesota's 72 convention delegates were in the bag. When the time came for ward caucuses in Minneapolis and St. Paul, the old guard looked up in astonishment as disciplined squadrons of students-for-McCarthy suddenly descended. Before the last disgruntled gavel had fallen, the students had handed a licking to Humphrey's son and son-in-law. It was, as a coed remarked to a *National Observer* reporter, "a real grass-rootsy thing to do."

Student activists, converging from the entire New York-New England area, were the backbone of McCarthy's effort in New Hampshire. Most of the time he had more student volunteers than his top aides could assign to useful tasks. They arrived by the Triumph-load from Smith, Wellesley, Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Radcliffe, Dartmouth. At headquarters in Manchester a girl

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gunnery sergeant named Ann Hart, daughter of the Michigan Senator, put them through a diplomatic delousing—no beards, no long hair, no mini-skirts—and sent them out on the streets. Some of the students were merely ornamental, but many of them worked like sled dogs. As this is written, before the Wisconsin primary, similar student legions are being formed to work the shores of Lake Michigan.

The Senator helped his own cause in New Hampshire, as the campaign ran along, by trying conscientiously to close his austerity gap. After one long day in Manchester, he agreeably got into headgear and orange jersey, to take part in an ice hockey match. His cause also benefited enormously from the blunders of President Johnson's fuglemen on the scene; they left no bonehead play unturned. When they were not offending loyal Democrats with serially numbered pledge cards, they were arousing McCarthy's own forces to even more strenuous exertions. A series of radio spot announcements, equating a vote for McCarthy with aid to Ho Chi Minh, brought the Senator himself to a rolling boil. McCarthy is certainly no rabid anti-Communist—he actively supports expanded trade with the Soviet Union, despite the war in Vietnam—but his loyalty ought not to be impugned. His student cohorts, already filled with the old sis-boom-bah, fell upon the Johnson commercials with passionate cries of fury, and promptly redoubled their labors.

Quo Vadis?

Apart from the students and a few groups of State Volunteers, McCarthy's most notable backing has come from the National Board of ADA, which gave him something less than a ringing endorsement in mid-February. The vote was 65-47, with most of the union members violently objecting. John P. Roche, a former ADA national chairman and now a resident White House intellectual, resigned on the spot with a blast at his brothers for "taking a trip to Disneyland." The board's action came, of course, before Robert Kennedy made his debut; the ADA's national convention in May, it is assumed, will follow Arthur Schlesinger Jr., into the Kennedy camp.

Where is the McCarthy candidacy going? As a practical matter, nowhere. This was true even before March 17, when Kennedy bustled into the race like Lady Bountiful, bringing baskets of jelly and bottles of syrup. He delivered his support to McCarthy—up to a point—with the air of a May Queen coming to the wallflower's rescue. Until Oregon, they would run together; he would *help* McCarthy; they were *pals*. Watching Kennedy flex his friendly python coils, one thought irreverently of the advice of Lady Macbeth:

To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't.

It is sentimentalism, nothing more, to suppose that in a showdown McCarthy's loyal troops can overcome the massed force of Kennedy's wealth, organization, and undoubted popular appeal. By the time the Chicago convention rolls around, unless Kennedy blunders badly, McCarthy will have been as effectively sidelined as the waterboy. But even if the improbable happened, and a flood of underdog emotion made McCarthy the first choice of party liberals, it is impossible to suppose that he might seize the nomination from Lyndon Johnson at the stockyards. It would be unthinkable, under the most elementary rules of politics, for a national party to repudiate its own President in a bid for renomination. Johnson will go to Chicago with a solid majority of the 2,622 delegates already in his pocket. Even the Southerners will be bellowing hoorah for Lyndon. McCarthy's delegates are unlikely ever to have a chance to vote before the deed is done.

But in another sense, McCarthy's campaign holds a deeply serious meaning. Say what you will of the New Hampshire primary—that it was small, nonrepresentative, vastly overblown—the 42 per cent of the vote that went for Gene McCarthy on March 12 carries a genuine impact. When Republican cross-overs are added to his Democratic total, McCarthy came within an eyelash of outpolling the President. True, Johnson himself did not campaign; his name had to be written in; the com-

(Continued on p. 357)

"It's only our paranoid fear of Communism that's keeping us from realizing that Mao and Ho are just plain ordinary guys like you and me who want to live in a peaceful world."

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FROM THE ACADEMY

Church, State, and Schools

RUSSELL KIRK

THANKS TO THE MEDDLING of our Supreme Court in the concerns of public schools, the relationship between church and state is being discussed with a seriousness long unknown in America. The great issue is whether religious instruction can survive, either in public schools or in private. If it does not survive, neither will the sort of education which creates order in the person and in the republic.

Increasing burdens of taxation at every level of government make it difficult for church-connected and private schools to exist nowadays. Until very recently, the proportion of young people enrolled in private and parochial schools, relative to public school enrollment, was increasing steadily. But the tide has turned, and today church-connected schools are closing their doors in a good many communities. In Michigan, for instance, during the past three years, more than 30,000 children have been shifted from church schools to public schools, what with the difficulty of the parochial systems in finding money and teachers.

Kirk

Much nonsense is talked about the "wall of separation"—which, in the phrase of Dr. Philip Phenix, of Teachers College, Columbia, may turn into a tomb in which church and state decay simultaneously. For a useful survey of this general subject, I commend a recent book by Dr. Herbert Stroup, *Church and State in Confrontation: a Sociological Study of Church-State Relations from Old Testament Times to the Present* (Seabury Press).

Dr. Phenix, Dr. Charles Wesley Lowry, and other writers believe that it is possible to retain religious teaching in public schools without falling into sectarianism. The inculcation of reverence, Professor Phenix says, is the root of wisdom and virtue; and this he hopes to preserve and reinvigorate.

Whether this is possible under the regime of Chief Justice Warren—or, indeed, even with a Dirksen Amendment—may be another matter. The difficulties are expressed cogently by Mr. William B. Ball in an essay on legal developments since the *Schempp* case (1963), in which the Warren Court forbade school Bible reading and other wicked religious practices. Mr. Ball's analysis is a contribution to a volume edited by Dr. Theodore R. Sizer, *Religion and Public Education* (Houghton Mifflin), which contains articles from seventeen other gentlemen, representing nearly every possible diversity in such matters.

In law, and perhaps in justice, Mr. Ball concludes, we cannot expect the public schools to impart religious understanding—not even "religion as culture." He argues that a knowledge of religious truth can be acquired only in church-related schools:

"The public school may not serve a religious function, even to fill a void supposedly gaping in the lives of the great majority of our young people. We have rejected the more likely means (such as released time) whereby the void might to an extent have been filled. The end result is one which throws the heaviest of burdens upon home and church. Our closest approach to religion in the public schools will have to be the personal example of believing teachers and pupils. This and an atmosphere of hospitality to religion as part of our culture are the most that we can expect from our public schools affirmatively."

Also Mr. Ball believes that the parochial schools will survive—and must. But will they? Not if the parents of children enrolled in such schools are so heavily taxed to maintain public schools that they cannot support the burden of a double levy. Either there must be some form of state assistance to parochial and private schools, or else the parents and other benefactors of such schools must receive a degree of tax-relief.

Such proposals are advanced by the organization called Citizens for Educational Freedom (844 Washington Building, 15th Street and New York Avenue N.W., Washington, D.C.; membership, $5 a year). The CEF distributes a persuasive pamphlet by Father Virgil C. Blum, of Marquette University, entitled *Education: Freedom and Competition.* In general, the CEF and Father Blum advocate the "tuition-grant" plan, by which public funds would be allocated to the parents of children enrolled in non-public schools, as a form of tax rebate; thus diversity and freedom of choice in education would be obtained.

IN MICHIGAN, a variant of this plan is being debated by the state legislature. This proposal—supported by many Lutherans, Dutch Reformed people, Jews and Catholics—would avoid any direct grants from public authorities to private schools. Rather, parents of children in non-public schools would be authorized to apply for a state payment of as much as $50 for each child enrolled in elementary school, and as much as $100 for each child in high school. Supplementary payments would be authorized for children in inner-city schools, presumably culturally disadvantaged.

These parent-subsidies would apply only to school programs in "secular" disciplines; there would be no state aid for courses in religion. The CEF and its allies say that if this bill is not adopted, before many years nearly all non-public schools must close their doors—which would cost public treasuries about $200,000,000 more in annual appropriations for the public schools, plus a capital outlay of some $710,000,000 in bricks and mortar for more public schools.

More important, unless Michigan and the other states take prompt steps to ensure the survival of church-related schools—without state control of such schools—the cost to the spiritual welfare of the American commonwealth will be incalculable.

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»BOOKS·ARTS·MANNERS«

Shoot-Out in Dallas

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

As you look back on that incredible weekend you remember the startled look on Lee Harvey Oswald's face just before the fatal bullet struck. Had Oswald recognized a fellow conspirator? Did he know that death was half a second away? What did the expression mean? Was it horror, or simply surprise? Perhaps you remember that shot so vividly because the still of it has been reproduced in the deluge of books on the Kennedy killing. But the face of the killer you don't remember. Somehow it's the face of Mr. Everyman, a blob, a shadowy presence, the man behind the gun to be sure, but still the bit player. Even the burly white-Stetsoned guard who flung up his arm as the pistol was drawn stays etched in your mind more clearly than does the killer.

Who was the killer? More important, why did he kill? Was he part of the plot? The man chosen to liquidate the President's executioner? Just who was the man who killed the man who killed Kennedy? You'll never get a better answer than from Garry Wills' and Ovid Demaris' first-class reconstruction of the Jack Ruby story.

Jack Ruby gave two major reasons for killing Oswald: he didn't want Mrs. Kennedy and the children, Caroline and John-John, to go through the agony of an Oswald trial, and he wanted to prove that "Jews have guts." Jack Ruby had come up the hard way, from life in the Chicago slums, the child of illiterate Jewish immigrants. He yearned for class, to be a big man. In Dallas he felt he had arrived. It meant a lot to him that the mayor knew him by sight, called him by his first name, as did the District Attorney who was to get him convicted and the judge before whom his case was tried.

He ran a nightclub, the Carousel—"the only club in Dallas with three runways" for the strippers. He was proud of it. There were plenty of fights at the Carousel. Jack was usually in on them; he was his own bouncer. He always moved in fast, and first. If he didn't, he once said, he might lose his nerve. He talked rough, "he was always beating our asses," one of his champagne girls recalls, but he was a sucker for anyone with a hardluck story. He took care of his girls. Protected them. He'd shell out three thousand bucks to a stripper for her daughter's eye operation and two minutes later pitch a couple of drunks out of his club, painfully. When he felt he had been too rough on someone he usually turned up with a peace offering, a bag of doughnuts or an ice cream soda, in lieu of an apology. When he heard about any neighborhood disaster you could bet your bottom dollar he'd make the scene, passing out money, hot coffee and sandwiches, giving the poor and dispossessed a helping hand. He was one of the great buttinskis of our day.

HE ADMIRED CLASS, wanted to be class, recognized it in the Kennedys, adulated them for it. He wanted to be accepted by the "in" people in Dallas. He liked authority. Was a friend of the cops. Once helped two of them out when they were being beaten up in a street fight. He was a loyal, and grateful, son of Dallas and was crushed when Dallas rejected him. I did it for Dallas, he reasoned, to help Dallas clear its name. He did it to help out his friends the cops. And then the cops turned on him and said they'd see he fried for it. He did it for Mrs. Kennedy. He did it to show "that Jews have balls."

And he did it, as Wills and Demaris prove—on the spur of the moment. Sure, he had told friends on Friday and Saturday that "that sonovabitch needs killing." But they discounted it. ("He always talked big. He was always going to beat our ass.") That particular morning Jack Ruby ended up in the vicinity of City Hall because he had promised one of his girls who was in a jam in Fort Worth he would wire her some money. She couldn't wait till Monday. He had the gun because "whenever he was carrying the money, he kept his piece handy." He drove to the Western Union office and waited his turn in line. Driving back past City Hall he noticed there were still people milling around outside. Maybe he'll go chat with his friends the reporters ("Jack always wanted to be in on everything.") He makes an illegal turn, taking the chance of being stopped (hardly the actions of a man bent on murder). A car is moving down the ramp into the City Hall basement. The driver talks to the policeman on guard, and Jack Ruby slips by on the other side. It is the armored car that was to remove Oswald. Then the door opens, a handcuffed Oswald is brought in, and the job is done.

AFTER THAT, the trial. A pride of defense lawyers with Melvin Belli the most flamboyant of a flamboyant crew. Belli decides to try for acquittal on the grounds that Jack Ruby is insane, was always unbalanced, is the village idiot type. And so he tears Ruby down. Yes, his mother died insane. Yes, he at one point contracted gonorrhea. Yes, he had served time. Yes, his friends considered him an oddball. Through the long days of the trial Jack Ruby dies, minute by minute, as his own lawyers try to show him "for the nothing he was." Belli loses and Jack gets the death sentence. "Dallas is a shoot-out town." It didn't like the way the killing was done. "Jack just plain gutshot an unarmed, manacled man."

After the sentencing there was only one thing Jack Ruby really cared about, to take a lie-detector test and prove once and for all that there was no tie-up between him and that "creep" Oswald, or that "Jew sonovabitch" who signed the right-wing hate ad against the Kennedys. He got the lie-detector test, courtesy of the Warren Commission, and it is largely on

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Jack Ruby, The Man Who Killed the Man Who Killed Kennedy, **by Garry Wills and Ovid Demaris. New American Library, $5.95**

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the basis of this that Wills and Demaris demolish the claim of Mark Lane and the other conspiratorialists that Jack Ruby was part of a larger and more sinister plot to kill Mr. Kennedy.

THE CHAPTER "The Communists or the John Birch Society or Both," alone is worth the price of the book. But if you only read that you'd miss a small masterpiece, a vignette on Dallas, What It Is Like, and Who Runs It. Demaris and Wills, a reporting (Demaris) and writing (Wills) team, have turned out a job of reportorial reconstruction that stands head and shoulders, in style as well as in content, above the dozens of other books that have been published about the events of November 22, 23 and 24, 1963. "Ruby," the authors conclude, "was not a malicious man; indeed, he was a notably generous one, open-hearted, open-handed. But a punch was his only exclamation point. Not a malicious man—simply one who killed."

Fiction

Frightfully Good, I'm Sure

GUY DAVENPORT

THE ENGLISH NOVEL, reticent as ever, civilized as ever, eccentric as ever, pegs on. The French require of their novelists that they be intelligent, even wise; the English have never even considered that intelligence and wisdom might do anything for a novelist except perhaps hinder him in his business. The American novelist is expected to be sincere and daringly salacious, qualities that, to the English, spell out suspect enthusiasm and lack of breeding. The English novelist is like that model who, we are told by the Goncourt brothers, was posing for Ingres and forty of his pupils when she screamed and dived behind the dressing screen, having noticed that she was being stared at by a man repairing the chimney of the adjoining building. The English novelist tells his story; he is the servant of history, morality, and the leisure of mankind. He is, he will assure you from behind the dressing screen, a philosopher who writes novels (a plausible explanation of Miss Murdoch), or a literary don who likes to try his hand at a spot of writing (Mr. J. I. M. Stewart), or a scholar who just happens to have written thirteen novels (Mr. Anthony Powell). Writing novels is not a profession; even Dickens and Henry James ended up posing as landed gentry. Hence the English novelist is never wholly serious, and pointedly has no theories about his art. He has, he will have his neighbors know, "dashed it off." If you don't like it, you say, "Hmph!" If you do, you say, "Frightfully good."

Miss Murdoch, who normally deals in unnerving plots and characters drowning in their own selfishness, has swept all that off the desk and set herself the unexpected task of writing a happy novel about normal people. As if such a thing could be achieved by numbers only, there are nineteen diligent characters, not to mention a dog named Mingo and a cat named Montrose, both of whom play heroic parts in the narrative. A good half of the characters are scoundrels; the other half are good either because they are prudent enough not to give in to their weaknesses or because the evil they attempt is converted by circumstances into benevolence. The characters are all charmingly drawn—so well, in fact, that we keep reading to see how thoroughly Miss Murdoch has tricked us, only to discover that for once she isn't hiding monsters under those lacquered exteriors.

In practically all of her previous novels, Miss Murdoch has studied people who burrow deeper and deeper into lightless and airless traps of their own making. Indeed, in *The Nice and the Good,* three of the characters find themselves deep in a Cornish cave which the tide is filling; others find themselves up against various walls (blackmail, suicide, *Weltschmerz*), others have simply given up and gone into the quiet tombs of classical scholarship, black magic, and romantic parorexia. Yet it pleases Miss Murdoch—this once, at least—to swing the god in on his machine and save them all, right down to the most hopeless.

ANTHONY POWELL, with almost as entertaining a batch of characters as Miss Murdoch, bats out their brains, *whack*! He, too, deals in the wandering eccentricities that wobble the over-civilized and over-comfortable English. We meet a spaniel-jawed squire (belted coat, gaiters, hawthorne stick) who looks like all the county squires we've ever heard of, until he retires to his room after tea, dons a purple dress (with sequins) and a large bird-wing-and-glass-cherry picture hat and proceeds to compose poetry in a notebook. It is a triumph of Mr. Powell's wit that the poetry is made to seem a worse aberration than the dress and hat.

This quick-paced little novel was published in England in 1933. Now that Mr. Powell's *Music of Time* novels have a respectable vogue, it was thought fitting to import some of the earlier work. Mr. Powell is a master of tone and place rather than of character and event, and 1933 seems to be as good a year for his craft as 1967, when *The Soldier's Art* came out: one would not guess, except by internal evidence, that the one precedes the other. *From a View to a Death* is one more impressionist exercise in the ripping excitement that a weekend at a country estate can generate—a plot that has never failed to entrance the English since it was introduced by Robert Greene (1560-1592). *Semper idemque Britannia.* A painter bloke from the city flusters the daughters, a son has come down from Oxford with strange ideas, insincere kisses are kissed, apoplexy raises its head, the horses chase the dogs who chase the fox, a neck snaps, and the wind settles on Monday.

Mr. J. I. M. Stewart the novelist is a third of the versatile institution that

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***The Nice and the Good*, by Iris Murdoch. Viking, $5.75**

***From a View to a Death*, by Anthony Powell. Little, Brown, $4.95**

***Vanderlyn's Kingdom*, by J.I.M. Stewart. Norton, $4.95**

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also contains Prof. Stewart the Oxford scholar and Michael Innes the writer of detective novels. The detective novels are written in the garden in North Oxford, the scholarly books are written in Christ Church under an enormous photograph of the South Pole (one has to ask what such an expanse of framed whiteness might represent). I don't know where the novels are written—they were added after the time, years ago, when I used to go on Saturdays to Prof. Stewart's rooms (across the hall from where *Alice in Wonderland* was written), sit under the South Pole, and exchange lore about my remote country ("Just *what*, Mr. Davenport, is an Esso station?") for instruction in English literature.

Mr. Stewart's novels are careful and restrained, as if the subject ought not to be gone into either too thoroughly or in unseemly haste. Suggest, suggest. There is, however, such a thing as undersuggesting, or suggesting with a darkness one did not intend. The effect of such careful treading on Mr. Stewart's part is a nagging suspicion that the author is making his story out of whole cloth, with a hint here and there from other novelists. In *Vanderlyn's Kingdom*, for instance, the setting and several heaping handfuls of plot are taken from John Fowles' *The Magus*. To cover up for this, there are obvious borrowings from Thomas Hardy (in the modern manner, for the sake of irony).

The result is not bad, but is less than convincing. The tale is of an American idealist who uses his wealth to build a utopian society on a Greek island and gets instead a hornet's nest. So much dark plotting and so tricky a dénouement must have some significance; what, one can't say, for this is one of those novels of which one can remark that it is simply a novel. It was written by a man who wanted to write a novel and can be read with pleasure by anybody who wants to read a novel.

The Triumph of Taft

M. STANTON EVANS

IN 1957, a special committee chaired by Senator John F. Kennedy recommended a memorial to five men who had served in the United States Senate—men who, in the committee's opinion, best typified the high traditions of American public life. The unanimous selections were Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Robert M. LaFollette Sr., and Robert A. Taft.

It is noteworthy that only one of these belongs to the modern political era. LaFollette was a veteran of fifteen years in Congress when the twentieth century was born. Clay, Webster and Calhoun were of course grown men when Jefferson was President. Taft alone was a man of our own time. In an age when conservatism is supposed to be irrelevant and forlorn, the single politician who sustains comparison with the past turns out to be the most notable conservative Republican of them all.

The paradox becomes the more suggestive when we reflect that the perception of Taft's greatness owed almost nothing to style or personal charm. Taft was neither orator, nor matinee idol nor human pseudo-event. His strength was his adherence to conservative principle, and it was precisely because of that principle, and not in spite of it, that he positioned himself among the giants. In their orderly presentation of his opinions, Russell Kirk and James McClellan demonstrate that even in a time of drift and compromise (perhaps especially in such a time), integrity retains its luster.

KIRK AND MCCLELLAN traverse the major episodes of Taft's career, demonstrating throughout the Senator's careful method of building up a practical political position in keeping with first principles. Included are Taft's early battles with the New Deal, his criticism of TVA, his position on the '46 railway strike, his debates with Prof. T. V. Smith, the battle for Taft-Hartley, the Nuremberg controversy, and countless other issues. In each case, Taft's major qualities emerge with clarity and force: high intelligence, hard work, fidelity to conviction. He had, as politicians seldom have it, character.

The common ideological thread is equally apparent. Taft's was the ancient mission of Anglo-American liberty, as old as Magna Carta: the battle against arbitrary power—in particular, arbitrary executive power. His concern was to shore up the institutional safeguards of freedom against the incursions of executive authority. He fought the fight of Pym and Burke and Otis before him: to preserve the legislature, and the people, from executive despotism. And though the battle seemed hopelessly

The Political Principles of Robert A. Taft, by Russell Kirk and James McClellan. Fleet, $6.95

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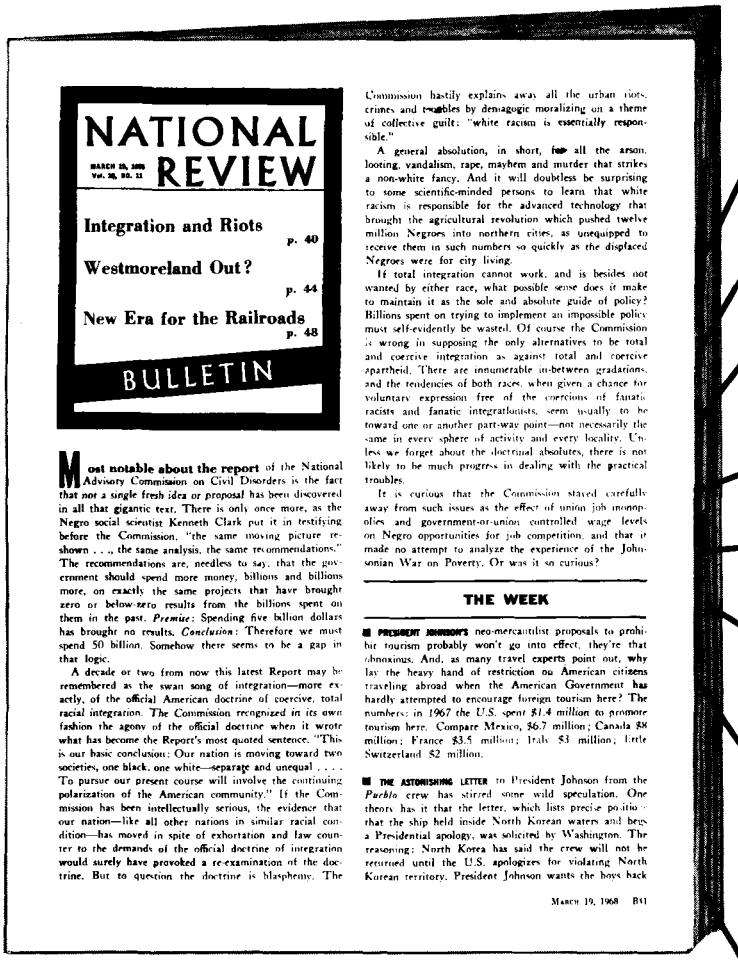

NATIONAL REVIEW

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BULLETIN

Most notable about the report of the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders is the fact that *not* a single fresh idea or proposal has been discovered in all that gigantic text. There is only once more, as the Negro social scientist Kenneth Clark put it in testifying before the Commission, "the same moving picture reshown . . ., the same analysis, the same recommendations." The recommendations are, needless to say, that the government should spend more money, billions and billions more, on exactly the same projects that have brought zero or below-zero results from the billions spent on them in the past. *Premise:* Spending five billion dollars has brought no results. *Conclusion:* Therefore we must spend 50 billion. Somehow there seems to be a gap in that logic.

A decade or two from now this latest Report may be remembered as the swan song of integration—more exactly, of the official American doctrine of coercive, total racial integration. The Commission recognized in its own fashion the agony of the official doctrine when it wrote what has become the Report's most quoted sentence. "This is our basic conclusion: Our nation is moving toward two societies, one black, one white—separate and unequal . . . . To pursue our present course will involve the continuing polarization of the American community." If the Commission has been intellectually serious, the evidence that our nation—like all other nations in similar racial condition—has moved in spite of exhortation and law counter to the demands of the official doctrine of integration would surely have provoked a re-examination of the doctrine. But to question the doctrine is blasphemy. The Commission hastily explains away all the urban riots, crimes and troubles by demagogic moralizing on a theme of collective guilt: "white racism is essentially responsible."

A general absolution, in short, for all the arson, looting, vandalism, rape, mayhem and murder that strikes a non-white fancy. And it will doubtless be surprising to some scientific-minded persons to learn that white racism is responsible for the advanced technology that brought the agricultural revolution which pushed twelve million Negroes into northern cities, as unequipped to receive them in such numbers so quickly as the displaced Negroes were for city living.

If total integration cannot work, and is besides not wanted by either race, what possible sense does it make to maintain it as the sole and absolute guide of policy? Billions spent on trying to implement an impossible policy must self-evidently be wasted. Of course the Commission is wrong in supposing the only alternatives to be total and coercive integration as against total and coercive apartheid. There are innumerable in-between gradations, and the tendencies of both races, when given a chance for voluntary expression free of the coercions of fanatic racists and fanatic integrationists, seem usually to be toward one or another part-way point—not necessarily the same in every sphere of activity and every locality. Unless we forget about the doctrinal absolutes, there is not likely to be much progress in dealing with the practical troubles.

It is curious that the Commission stayed carefully away from such issues as the effect of union job monopolies and government-or-union controlled wage levels on Negro opportunities for job competition, and that it made no attempt to analyze the experience of the Johnsonian War on Poverty. Or was it so curious?

THE WEEK

■ **PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S** neo-mercantilist proposals to prohibit tourism probably won't go into effect, they're that obnoxious. And, as many travel experts point out, why lay the heavy hand of restriction on American citizens traveling abroad when the American Government has hardly attempted to encourage foreign tourism here? The numbers: in 1967 the U.S. spent $1.4 million to promote tourism here. Compare Mexico, $6.7 million; Canada $8 million; France $3.5 million; Italy $3 million; Little Switzerland $2 million.

■ **THE ASTONISHING LETTER** to President Johnson from the *Pueblo* crew has stirred some wild speculation. One theory has it that the letter, which lists precise positions that the ship held inside North Korean waters and begs a Presidential apology, was solicited by Washington. The reasoning: North Korea has said the crew will not be returned until the U.S. apologizes for violating North Korean territory. President Johnson wants the boys back

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1. THE WEEK:
A compact listing of the week's most significant news items—many "overlooked" in the nation's press;

2. ON THE LEFT:
A regular report on what the Left is up to, including private reports from authoritative sources here and abroad;

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rear-guard, the history to which Taft appealed has served him well. It is possible to conclude in retrospect that Taft has won his battle after all. For the intellectual tide is clearly turning.

Throughout his public career, Taft was lampooned as an anachronism, out of touch with modern needs and aspirations. In a certain limited sense, the indictment was true. Reading over his speeches and debates, one detects an antiquarian flavor. The issues are recent enough—labor, civil rights, welfarism—the method of approach, the lawyerly precision, and the candor, are decidedly old-fashioned. This is a political style which has more in common with honest John Adams than with any extant politician. The contemplation of Taft's plain-spoken conservatism in the epoch of the make, the media, and the people-machine is a jarring experience; it is as though the ghost of Sir Edward Coke were to materialize at a love-in.

Yet Taft's old-fangled anxieties about concentrated power seem nowadays more relevant than ever. His concern for the copybook maxims of limited government does not seem nearly so laughable as it did back in the golden noontime of the New Deal ecstasy, when the Smiths and Tugwells were elaborating the doctrine of Presidential empire. Taft fought a long and often lonely battle for traditional conceptions of balanced government, and sustained much cruel derision and a famous series of personal defeats. But his qualities were such that he somehow managed to grapple through all the shabbiness and cheapness to put his nobler imprint on the nation.

DURING HIS LIFETIME, Taft's enemies were usually unwilling to grant the libertarian purpose of his struggle—professing to see his opposition to this or that collectivist improvisation as proof of inhumanity. This is the classic charge against conservatives, of course: congressmen who vote against the Great Society's "rat bill" are "for rats"; Barry Goldwater's vote against a patently unconstitutional "civil rights" bill means he is "anti-Negro." And so forth. But seldom has this squalid maneuver been used more systematically, and with less color of reason, than against Taft. As Kirk and McClellan make clear, his libertarian intent was manifest at every step along the way.

Thus, although Taft's record of support for equal rights was spotless, his opposition to compulsory FEPC laws was sufficient to get him branded an enemy of the Negro. He opposed Truman's bill to draft the railway strikers, but his bill to reform labor-boss abuses earned him the designation "anti-labor." His entire career placed him in opposition to totalitarian government in all its forms, but because he doubted the wisdom of backdoor entry into World War II and opposed the mockery at Nuremberg he was tarred as a Nazi sympathizer. Anyone reviewing the record honestly—as Kennedy reviewed it in *Profiles in Courage*—would instantly note the consistency of Taft's position, his concern to maintain individual liberty under law. While he lived, however, that honest look was seldom taken. ➔

Random Notes

● PARLOUS TIMES: Garry Wills' shocker about the coming summer, *The Second Civil War,* is being rushed into print for early April publication (New American Library, $4.95). Excerpts have appeared in *Esquire*. . . . Another rush job is Norman Mailer's *The Armies of the Night,* a fictionalized report on the Great Siege of the Pentagon last fall (New American Library, April, $5.95). . . . The very liberal Dan Wakefield, having gone up and down in the land, reports on *Supernation at Peace and War* (Little, Brown, June, $5.95), and the very unhappy Richard Rovere offers *Waist Deep in the Big Muddy: Personal Reflections on 1968* (Little, Brown, May, $4.50). . . . Michael Harrington's step-by-step plan for takeover is outlined in *Toward a Democratic Left* (Macmillan, April, $5.95). . . . Scariest item of all is *Our Next President,* by *New York Times* funnyman Russell Baker, in which —George Wallace having played the spoiler role—Bobby Kennedy is inaugurated as Acting President while the House tries to pick a winner (Atheneum, $3.95).

● BOOKS: Viking plans a new line —"William Cole Commonplace Books." Now, c.b.'s, back in the eighteenth century, were used by the literati to jot down gems from the best writers, with personal reflections thereon. First two in the modern series will be W. H. Auden's and Louis Kronenberger's. . . . John McPhee's long report on the wild Pine Barrens of southern New Jersey, first published in the *New Yorker,* is due in book form from Farrar (April, $4.50). . . . Three *engagé* dramas by Robert Ardrey (better known as the author of *African Genesis* and *The Territorial Imperative*) will be republished in one volume as *Plays of Three Decades* (Atheneum, May, $6). . . . *The Chornovil Papers,* about those twenty-odd Ukrainian intellectuals harried and jailed by their Soviet masters, will be published this spring by McGraw-Hill.

● MOVIES: James Baldwin is doing the screenplay for Columbia's *Malcolm X*. . . . Elvis Presley's latest is *Live a Little, Love a Little,* based on Dan Greenburg's book *Kiss My Firm But Pliant Lips*. . . . Phyllis Diller and Art Carney will star in an adaptation of Elmer Rice's *The Adding Machine*. . . . Wolper Productions has bought John Updike's new novel, *Couples* —sort of a Fellatio Alger story, and tough to screen. . . . Sen. Edward Brooke declined an offer to play himself in *The Boston Strangler*. . . . God help us: Jacqueline Susann is reported discussing the script for a new flick, *Return to the Valley of the Dolls.*

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Now, some fourteen years after his death, Taft's old opponents are beginning to grasp the value of his warnings. We need only turn to the current pronouncements of such people as J. William Fulbright or the more youthful Richard Goodwin to discover assertions about the dangers of executive power which, point for point, resemble those that Taft was offering in the Forties. The liberals are discovering that all that majestic Presidential clout they have been worshiping for so long can be put to purposes they don't like as well as those they do. Which, as the present volume demonstrates, was precisely Taft's point. (Goodwin, in his celebrated piece for *Commentary*, blithely asserts that conservatives are oblivious of the spillover effect of foreign policy powers on domestic freedoms, a statement suggesting much ignorance of Taft and other things besides. Goodwin should be sentenced to memorize the proceedings of the Vigilant Women for the Bricker Amendment.)

Men like Fulbright have come to fear executive power adventitiously, simply because they don't like the war in Vietnam. Taft came to his position through deep and consistent study and applied his principles even-handedly to a wide variety of issues. The Fulbrights and Goodwins are right for the wrong reasons; Taft was right for the right reasons. That was the secret of his greatness, and the assurance of his final triumph.

Music

The Pittsburgh Organ

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

THE PIPE ORGAN in Saint Paul's Cathedral in Pittsburgh was installed only five years ago last December and has already passed into legend. It was built by the foremost artisan of organ-building now alive, Rudolf von Beckerath. You will recognize the Beckerath name as one famous in German musical circles. The great Beckerath painting of Johannes Brahms at the keyboard, spine tilted back in musical joy, arms crisscrossed in typical Brahms keyboard style, fat cigar stuck in chops—was painted by Rudolf's father. Brahms always stayed at the Beckerath house when he visited Hamburg.

Says Rudolf von Beckerath concerning the organ in Pittsburgh: "*Dies ist mein Meisterstück*"—this is my masterpiece. Someone once asked the renowned and taciturn E. Power Biggs what he thought of "the Pittsburgh organ." It was good, said Biggs. Yes, said the questioner, but how did it compare with other organs? Favorably, said Biggs (who has played every great organ in the world). The questioner persisted: Yes, but really how does the organ stack up against what you yourself would like to have under your fingers? And E. Power Biggs is quoted as saying: "It is quite the finest instrument I have ever played."

Mr. Paul Koch, the organist and musical director at Saint Paul's, has had to lock the doors of the organ loft. In the first two years of the existence of this instrument a veritable siege occurred. Organists and, yes, curio seekers, came from all over the world to get close to it. Thirty thousand requests came in to play the instrument. In five years, says Koch, the organ has received the use that it might ordinarily have expected in thirty. The pedals are worn and sway-backed. It has been going night and day.

What makes this great instrument the center of the organist's world? Two things, certainly. First, the acoustics in Saint Paul's are splendid. During the rehearsal one afternoon (string ensemble plus organ, the brilliant Karel Paukert in command), I moved throughout the cathedral and discovered that the volume and balance and timbre of the sound were almost constant from wall to wall and from narthex to transept. At a guess I would say that 80 per cent of the cathedral got full value from that noble instrument.

Second, of course, the loving attention of the master craftsman, von Beckerath. Paul Koch tells a revealing story. Some years ago, when Beckerath first came to Pittsburgh to visit the cathedral and began to solidify his ideas about the organ he would build for it, he walked around downstairs while Koch played various tones from the former organ. At one point Koch mentioned that the acoustics were such that a certain tone reverberated for four seconds. No, said Beckerath: it reverberates for four seconds and one-half. Beckerath went back to Hamburg with an intimate knowledge of the acoustics of that cathedral. He had a book of average temperature and humidity readings in Pittsburgh over the years. He purchased certain kinds of wood and treated them over the years to bring them to the point where they would settle down comfortably in the Pittsburgh climate. Years passed. The time came to install the organ. Beckerath went to Pittsburgh and stayed there for seven weeks, installing each pipe himself, voicing it, tuning it, supervising the balance of the instrument.

BALANCE: here is the soul of organ building. Paul Koch showed me something of it one morning in the short interval between a funeral and a nuptial mass. He depressed a deep pedal on a 32-foot stop and I remonstrated that it made very little sound. True, he said. He offered a quiet modulation on the swell and remarked that the modest tone of the pedal was well wedded to the registration of the manual. Then he threw in a bank of stops and played a similar passage on the manual without altering the registration of the pedal—and lo! I could hear that same small voice speaking under this new storm of sound. Those pedal pipes were balanced: balanced exquisitely between the inner and outer limits of the pipes with which they would be asked to harmonize. The instrument is absolutely incapable of uttering an unlovely sound.

How did this great instrument come into existence? In Pittsburgh they will tell you that Paul Koch bulled it through. And Paul Koch may very well have done such a thing. After all, Pittsburgh has the oldest continuous series of public concerts in America, and this series (the Sunday organ recital in Carnegie Hall) was maintained for fifty years by Paul's father Caspar. Caspar is now a healthy 95 years old and has been retired for a few years. Paul took over his father's position as City Organist about

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ten years ago. Everyone in Pittsburgh knows about Caspar Koch and Paul Koch and now little Carol Koch, Paul's daughter. Carol is a gifted musician—like her mother Kay, her father Paul, her brothers Paul and Damien, her grandfather Caspar (and like the Koch who, in 1685, was one of the three godfathers of Johann Sebastian Bach). You see it is quite possible for Paul Koch to insist that Pittsburgh have the finest in organ music.

What is the finest? American organists are beginning to know. They are tired of the noise and claptrap, showmanship and razzle dazzle, of the average organ maestro. They go to Pittsburgh and humbly beg permission to touch the keys of this infinitely subtle, generous, rounded, reposed, straightspeaking *Meisterstück*.

Recitals are offered to the public, free of charge, throughout the year, at Saint Paul's. This is one of the central points of the musical life of America. Those who love music will find the journey worth their while.

Report on the Periodicals

PETER P. WITONSKI

➔ "Marc Bloch," by R. R. Davies (*History,* Vol. LII, No. 176, Fall 1967).

The attention given in recent years to the historical writings of Marc Bloch is one of the most heartening developments in the world of scholarship. Bloch's seminal studies of rural history and the emergence of medieval society from the Roman world—not to mention his splendidly evocative study of the historian's craft—are among the most important historical works of our century. Mr. Davies has written an excellent introduction to Bloch's *opera omnia,* which will be of interest to all students of history. It was Bloch who rebelled against the pedantic style of the Parisian Ecole des Chartes, declaring: "There is no waste more criminal than that of erudition running . . . in neutral gear, nor any pride more vainly misplaced than that in a tool valued as an end in itself." For Bloch history was not the mere study of documents (although he was a master of documentary exegesis), but the study of men in the past. His murder at the hands of the Gestapo in 1944 (his last words were "*Vive la France*") robbed our era of one of its civilized voices.

➔ "Sociology of Knowledge and Moral Philosophy: The Place of Traditional Problems in the Formation of Mannheim's Thought," by David Kettler (*Political Science Quarterly,* Vol. LXXXII, No. 3, Fall 1967).

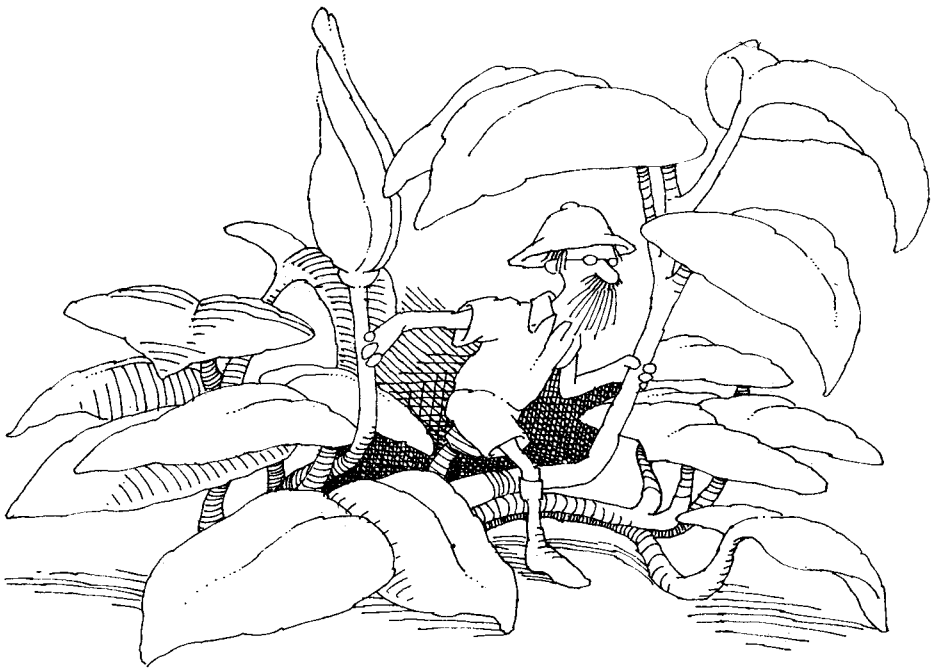
Kettler has written an informative introduction to the writings of the late Anglo-German social philosopher Karl Mannheim. It was Mannheim who, following in the footsteps of Max Scheler, sought to explore the social origins of ideas and establish the sociology of knowledge as an academic discipline. While scholars have traditionally criticized Mannheim for his utopian conception of the sociologist of knowledge as a kind of social-scientific policeman, his contribution to intellectual history is beyond dispute. His essay on "Conservative Thought" in *Essays in Sociology and Social Psychology*—while truculent and somewhat Marxist in motivation—is one of the most brilliant studies of conservatism ever written. Professor Kettler's excellent bibliography of works pertaining to the sociology of knowledge will be of great aid to students interested in modern social thought.

➔ "Vilfredo Pareto and the Sociology of Knowledge," by Brigitte Berger (*Social Research,* Vol. XXXIV, No. 2, Summer 1967.)

For those interested in reading more about the sociology of knowledge, Miss Berger's article is a must. Vilfredo Pareto's *Trattato de Sociologia Generale* is one of those vitally important works, like Weber's *Wirtschaft und Gesellschaft,* that is often referred to but rarely read. James Burnham and Talcott Parsons have written in depth about the political, social and economic significance of Pareto's work, but his equally important contribution to the sociology of knowledge has been generally played down. Where Karl Mannheim defined the sociology of knowledge as the sociology of ideas, Pareto viewed ideation as only one aspect of the numerous mental constructs operative in human society. By devoting himself to the study of non-logical conduct, Pareto was less historical and more sociological than Mannheim. Also of interest in this issue of *Social Research* are Werner Stark's "Max Weber and the Heterogony of Purposes," and Niles M. Hansen's "Early Flemish Capitalism: The Medieval City, the Protestant Ethic and the Emergence of Economic Rationality."

➔ "Fondements et Forces Directrices du Monde Moderne," by Wilhelm Röpke (*Journal of World History,* Vol. X, No. 2, Fall 1967).

This posthumously published essay gives us the late Wilhelm Röpke's thoughts on the problems—historical



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and philosophical—of the modern world. Since Professor Röpke was one of the most eloquent conservative economists of our time this essay is of more than passing interest. He believed the Western World to be in a perilous position: its great civilization crumbling and being replaced by a materialistic pseudo-culture. In defending this thesis, Röpke discusses such varied twentieth-century problems as totalitarianism, socialism, and Teilhardism. The essay is written in a very rhetorical French style, and it is to be hoped that it will eventually be translated into English so that it may reach a wider audience.

➔ "Albertus Magnus on Natural Law," by Stanley B. Cunningham (*Journal of the History of Ideas,* Vol. XXVIII, No. 4, Fall 1967).

In writing about the history of natural law and its development during the Middle Ages historians have tended to concentrate almost entirely on the majestic figure of St. Thomas Aquinas, ignoring the important speculations in this area by St. Thomas' teacher Albertus Magnus. Professor Cunningham has made a genuine contribution to our understanding of medieval civilization by discussing Albert's writings on natural law from the standpoint of their brilliance and originality, and by demonstrating the extent to which they influenced St. Thomas himself. For Albert, we learn, "the direct and immediate cause of natural virtue is not law, but the human act seen in all of its dynamic complexity."

➔ "The Decline of the Classical National Tradition of German Historiography," by George G. Iggers (*History and Theory,* Vol. VI, No. 3, Fall 1967).

The influence of the German historicist movement on the study of history is profound. In Germany, unlike England, France and the United States, historical studies were dominated by a classical tradition of historiography. One need only mention such names as von Ranke, Dahlmann, Droysen, Rickert, Dilthey, Troeltsch, and Max Weber for examples of German scholars working within what Mr. Iggers calls the German historical tradition. However, since 1945, Iggers argues, German historians have begun to break away from the historicist tradition of the prewar period. The result is a more vital, if less consciously intellectual, approach to history. This controversial essay provides an interesting discussion of the writings of Meinecke, Ritter and Dehio.

➔ "Sciopero e Serrata oggi in Italia," by Bruno Leoni (*Il Politico,* Vol. XXXII, No. 1, Spring 1967).

Leoni, tragically murdered last fall, was one of the most articulate libertarians of our century. As Professor of Politics at the University of Pavia, editor of *Il Politico,* and president of the Mont Pelèrin Society, he devoted his life to teaching the philosophy of freedom. Students of contemporary Italy will be interested in this essay, which is one of his last published papers. He examines the ideological foundations of the so-called "right to strike" legislation in Italy. He notes that twenty years after the enactment of the Italian constitution legal rules on strikes are still unclear at the best. The right to strike, he argues, "implies a serious self-limitation of sovereignty of the state and leaves up to large masses of citizens to decide whether to fulfill or not their obligations without any possibility of control on the part of the courts." He calls for new and better informed labor legislation in Italy. It goes without saying that the problems analyzed by Professor Leoni in Italy are applicable to America.

➔ "Unpublished Documents on Nazi Germany," compiled by the Mass Communications History Center of the University of Wisconsin (*Wisconsin Magazine of History,* Vol. L, No. 4, Summer 1967).

This special issue of the *Wisconsin Magazine of History* is the result of three years' work and provides us with a fascinating picture of life in Nazi Germany. Of particular interest are "An Interview with Hitler: August 17, 1939" by the late Hans V. Kaltenborn, in which we are given an especially vivid picture of Hitler's views on Germany's Jews; Louis Lochner's letters to his children between 1932 and 1941, in which the growth of Nazism is depicted with the aid of many previously unknown details about German cultural life; and extracts from the diary of the dissident Nazi Hans-Jörg Maurer.

➔ "Pride or Prejudice? Relationships between Africans and American Negroes," by John Nagenda (*Race,* Vol. IX, No. 2, Fall 1967).

A Ugandan writes about the similarities, differences, and prejudices that at once seem to unite and divide American Negroes and Africans. In an era when some American Negroes have called for a revival of the "back-to-Africa" movement (or what one African has called Liberianism), the author was surprised to discover how little even educated American Negroes knew about Africa. This article is valuable for the fresh, unbiased view it presents of the problems facing the American Negro.

➔ "The Medieval Commune and Internal Violence: Police Power and Public Safety in Siena, 1287-1355," by William M. Bowsky (*The American Historical Review,* Vol. LXXIII, No. 1, Fall 1967).

Our historical perspective is often blurred by events taking place in our own time. The wave of rioting that plagued this country last summer produced a whole shelf of reports and books noteworthy more for their lack of historical perspective than their wisdom. It is hoped that in the months to come scholars will cease spouting sociological humbuggery and get down to studying the role of violence in history with greater scrutiny. Professor Bowsky has made a valuable contribution to this project by giving us a vividly detailed picture of violence, crime, and police power in late-medieval Siena.

➔ "The Art of Fiction: An Interview with Jorge Luis Borges," by Ronald Christ (*Paris Review,* Vol. IV, No. 4, Winter 1967).

The *Paris Review* interviews with distinguished authors are one of the most enlightening regular contributions to our understanding of contemporary literature. To date some of our century's most brilliant writers have been interviewed. Some of the interviews have been rather dull, but most have been excellent. The interview with the Argentine poet, story-writer, scholar, and anti-Communist gadfly Jorge Luis Borges, is an event of the greatest importance; for it is an indisputable fact that he is not only the greatest Spanish-language writer of our day, but one of our greatest writers in any language. The interview not only helps to elucidate some of the more complex aspects of Borges' writings, but gives us his views on English and American writers.

➔ "Allen Tate: The Conservative Critic," by Grant Webster (*The South Atlantic Quarterly,* Vol. LXVI, No. 4, Fall 1967).

Allen Tate is one of the most important American writers of our day. He also happens to be a traditionalist-

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conservative, and as such has made many enemies for himself within the literary establishment. He is, in Mr. Webster's words, a connoisseur of lost causes who "has faced his enemies for a period of forty years, struggling like Cuchulain against the invulnerable tide of progress and positivism, and showing us a criticism whose energies are the energies of opposition." Tate's approach to criticism has always been based upon his need for absolute experience; and in the conservative tradition of the South and the theology of the Catholic Church he found the kinds of experience upon which he built his great literary corpus. Mr. Webster has written an excellent introduction to Tate's critical achievement.

➔ "Notes on Here and Now," by Irving Howe (*Partisan Review,* Vol. XXXIV, No. 4, Fall 1967).

One of the leading spokesmen for the far-out Left in America gives his views on the welfare state, its history, future, and greatest difficulties. Mr. Howe sees a general breakdown of the political forces that helped to galvanize the American welfare state and the beginnings of a new political coalition of left-wing tehnocrats that will "improve and transcend the welfare state." While this essay reeks of ideology, it provides an interesting picture of current thinking of the American Left.

➔ "Nirvana Now," By Daniel P. Moynihan (*The American Scholar,* Vol. XXXVI, No. 4, Fall, 1967).

Mr. Daniel P. Moynihan is a liberal who frequently displays an almost uncanny propensity for chucking his ideology in favor of common sense. Indeed some of his best shots have been aimed at his own political camp. In "Nirvana Now"—his 1967 Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard—he has some thoughtful and scathing things to say about the hippies and LSD exhibitionists who make up what is usually called the New Left. The New Leftists are, Mr. Moynihan suggests, the first heretics of American liberalism. Lest you think Mr. Moynihan's good sense is infecting his liberal peers, I recommend the "confrontation" between the Old Left and the New Left in the same issue of the *American Scholar.* Here Dwight ("Hell, I was a Troskyist Party member for years") Macdonald, Richard Rovere, Tom Hayden, and Ivanhoe Donaldson say enough foolish things to convince us that little has changed on the Left.

➔ "Vietnam, A Case of Social Alienation," By Ton That Thien (*International Affairs,* Vol. XLIII, No. 3, Summer 1967).

The editor of the now suspended *Vietnam Guardian* writes about the extent to which the inhabitants of rural areas in Vietnam have become alienated from the present struggle in that country. Since the days of French rule, the country has been governed by a class of Vietnamese who tended to identify more with the town than the country as a whole. Mr. Ton feels that the Vietcong can best be defeated by placing more emphasis on the rural areas of Vietnam. Since more American aid ends up in cities than in the rural areas, and is therefore of little use in fighting Communism, we would do best to greatly reduce our aid. "A *loan* of two or three million dollars a year for three or five years," Mr. Ton concludes, "would do much more good. Used for the building of schools and roads instead of paying for officials' higher salaries, bars, buildings, luxury goods of all kinds, it would be the salvation of Vietnam."

➔ "The American Left and Israel," By Martin Peretz (*Commentary,* Vol. XLIV, No. 5, November 1967).

Martin Peretz, a young Harvard don and ex-*Ramparts* contributor (both financially and intellectually), has cast off his ideological blinders long enough to discover that the American Left is not infallible. Indeed, Mr. Peretz has discovered that the American Left can be downright antisemitic. For some excellent jabs at such traditionally sacrosanct bastions of American Leftism as I. F. Stone and *Ramparts* this article is a must.

McCARTHY

(Continued from p. 347)

bined McCarthy-Johnson vote was a small fraction of the total vote for Nixon on the Republican side.

Even so, the vote cast in New Hampshire for McCarthy was a stunning manifestation of Johnson's unpopularity within his party, not only on the war issue, but also in terms of general leadership. This was a protest vote. Little of it was for McCarthy the man, though his high-level campaign aroused respect and admiration. McCarthy himself was detached from the polling, in ways Robert Kennedy could not have been. The Senator was a symbol, an alternative, a handy, anonymous totem. He stood like a target pine atop New Hampshire's somber hills, and drew the lightning down upon himself. The President, joking that night in the White House, treated the phenomenon with wry amusement; but it was a flash to be remembered. It galvanized Kennedy. And it produced a thunderclap that did not go unnoticed in Hanoi.

What's in it for McCarthy? Nothing of material substance. If Kennedy should win the Democratic nomination, McCarthy might seem the logical choice for the Vice Presidential spot, but even this is unlikely. On the day after Kennedy's announcement, McCarthy himself spoke in such icy tones of the proposed union by *droit de seigneur* that Bobby's honeymoon ended before it began.

There appears to be little in this whole quixotic undertaking for McCarthy but a sense of personal satisfaction, little but a sense of duty fulfilled. He has not the slightest realistic hope of making it to the White House. Like the Man from La Mancha, he set out to fight the unbeatable foe. The star of the Presidency was unreachable from the beginning, and one doubts that McCarthy in truth is much interested in reaching for it. He would rather write poetry; he would rather read history than make it. Meanwhile, he is taking his principles to the country in high style and high good humor; and he is bedeviling a leading liberal who plainly deserves bedevilment. There was a candidate for mayor of New York—what *was* the gentleman's name?—who engaged in a not dissimilar quest a year or so ago.

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Fondues and Other Sports

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Gstaad, Switzerland—The Eagle Club on the top of the Wassengrat is a fashion show with the most expensive models in the world: American, British, French, Italian, Latin American, Scandinavian, Spanish, all long-limbed, long-haired and tanned, wearing skintight splashy red, orange and yellow stretch skipants by Dior and Givenchy. They down a cocktail, lunch off non-fattening hors d'oeuvres and then on with the serious business of the day, which is getting to the bottom of the mountain without breaking a leg. Every year the sport takes its toll of beautiful legs. Along with the hearty at the Eagle Club are the lame, hobbling around with cane and crutch, even an occasional arm in a sling.

Alistair Horne (*The Price of Glory, Paris in the Siege*)—he's not one of the beautiful people, he just associates with them—has a dislocated shoulder, Having an arm in a sling is the most awkward thing to have happened to Alistair Horne since, at a royal garden party, silk topper on head, teacup in one hand, mushy éclair in another, he noted in consternation that a royal Duke was bearing down on him. Etiquette required that Alistair remove his hat, bow, and shake hands. What to do! What did he do? With the aplomb for which he is internationally known, he handed the Duke the cup of tea, removed his hat, placed the éclair in it, bowed, shook hands, and then relieved His Royal Highness of the tea. Who says Britain's day of glory is past?

At the Café du Cerf, in Rougemont, they serve only *Fondue, Raclette* and a plate of cold meats. The *Fondue*, and the bowl of bread you dip in it, are at one end of the table, the *Raclette*, at the other. A great slab of Gruyère is clamped into place under an electric heater. As the cheese melts, the diners scrape off gooey hunks of it onto their plates with flat, unsharp spatulas and eat it with slices of boiled new potatoes, pickles and pickled onions. You grind over it big grains of fresh pepper and wash it down with a good Swiss Dole. A hefty gentleman with the immobile face of a Dürer etching plays the piano, situated in a narrow hallway through which the waitresses hurry with the heavy bowls and glasses.

A waitress comes in and tells the room at large, "They're coming, the *flambeau*"—the night skiers. The Cerf looks out on Widdamanette. In Switzerland, the hardest run is always the black run. In the Gstaad area when anyone says, "I did the black yesterday," he means the black at Widdamanette. That's the killer piste. The one you don't take until your guide says you're ready, and then only under the best conditions. And that's the piste the guides have decided to come down tonight. There's no moon so conditions are worse than usual. Even the guides are wary. Not for them tonight the pitchers of white wine and the "quite a couple of kirsches" that usually precede a *flambeau*. When they take the black at Widdamanette, at night, they don't drink—well, not until they're halfway down and the worst is over.

Delectations

And now they're coming. The waitress throws the windows open wide. It's cold out there. If you crane your head and lean down you can see them coming, a dozen or more flecks of yellow against the white of the mountain, flecks of torchlight that move and sway, criss crossing the mountain as they press downward. Some of the diners get up, climb out through the open window, the better to see them. As they come closer you can hear them shout and sing. In a few minutes some of them will be at the Cerf, faces ruddy from the cold and the exertion, telling you that it was really quite easy.

On weekends, the uninitiated mount the Eggli—the restaurant on the top is excellent and the terrace in early March fine for eating and getting that extra bit of sun. That is, if you can get in, and the waitresses don't trample you to death, and you don't mind wasting two of the best skiing hours on lunch. The Eggli-wise stay at the foot of the mountain by the base of the lift, and eat at the Arc-en-Ciel where the *entrecotes* and *croutes aux fromages* are excellent, the terrace warm, sunny and protected from the wind, and the view of the skiers swooping down pleasant and relaxing. So easy to dissect other people's styles, comment on their lacks when you sit happily over a beer, comfortably unaware that it was a sudden skid over an icy mogul that provoked the ungainly gesture you've commented on. We're a conglomerate bunch, three Americans, a Canadian, a couple of Englishmen, two Germans, an Italian.

The German has no thumb on his right hand—he lost it in the initial Wehrmacht drive through Belgium in 1940—and no right leg—he lost that on the Russian front in 1944, a fortunate wound as it turned out. He was one of the very few conspirators in the Hitler bomb attempt of July 1944 to escape the hangman: he was in the hospital when the attempt was made. The sun is coy, the terrace is not as warm as it was when we started eating. The German is telling us how his platoon marched through Belgium in what we've always heard of as Hitler's blitzkrieg push, trundling their equipment and mortars along the roads in confiscated baby carriages. Very effective, but not a good image. After a day of it, his commanding officer decided it just didn't look right. It was beneath the dignity of the German Army, so they had to go back to lugging the stuff themselves, which apparently was more dignified, if sweat-provoking. It's getting downright cold. We put our parkas back on and order some coffee. The German remarks that aluminum legs can be "bloody cold sometimes." Bet you never thought of that before.

Baby carriages in Belgium, the black piste at Widdamanette at night, a royal garden party, a glimpse of the *haut monde* in fashion trim at the Eagle Club. Not an uninteresting 24 hours, but Gstaad can be like that.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Lined with a certain type of metal	34 165 61 88 65 99 114 18 44
B. Part of Michigan	40 170 197 69 223 129 133 191 120 212 7
	9 23 77
C. The last two-thirds of the Depression + World War II	93 24 5 28 51 103 109 144 166 154 192
	199
D. Old Testament chapter from which Satan misquoted when speaking to Jesus Christ	117 46 54 35 64 3 31 57 94 101 130
	146 178 188 22 86
E. Black and yellow sand wasps that prey on flies that gather around horses and cattle	157 39 127 141 201 226 113 149 173 59 183
F. Dice	182 49 96 115 164 192 202 55 33 134 151
	155 169 213 219
G. Mildness; gentleness	17 135 233 122 145 161 174 185 36 208
H. Being fertilized by air-borne elements (botanical term)	25 48 76 156 171 8 30 56 72 218 229
	20 43 162
I. Impostors	68 163 181 215 175 138 209
J. What moribund organizations need	84 220 139 41 105 123 112 210 216 52

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
K. Devices used for fine woodworking	132 12 110 152 27 158 231 47 100 102 1
	200
L. Excessively or unduly annoyed by, e.g., criticism	143 13 29 119 131 140 227 98 190 203 225
	45 58
M. A city in N. E. New Jersey	214 62 87 168 83 198 97 189 11 121
N. Prevaricated or hedged	222 184 128 50 142 172 42 85 205 106 75
O. A stream in Alaska; remove last letter to get capital of Madagascar	230 104 19 118 38 124 150 79 221 74 187
P. Containing explanatory material, textual comments, etc.	53 81 71 232 179 204 91 167 4
Q. A nervous disorder due to lightning stroke	126 6 10 21 63 66 80 176 186 70 108
	137 194 206 234
R. Passive	196 211 90 116 217 78 159 14 153 180
S. State of being unmindful	26 16 60 67 73 92 125 147 177 207 224
	228 37 82 107
T. A roof having the form of two parallel gable roofs	32 15 89 148 136 2 195 111 95 160

See page 361 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 K	2 T	3 D		4 P	5 C	6 Q	7 B		8 H	9 B	10 Q		11 M	12 K	13 L	14 R	15 T
16 S	17 G	18 A	19 O	20 H		21 Q	22 D	23 B	24 C	25 H		26 S	27 K	28 C	29 L	30 H	31 D
	32 T	33 F		34 A	35 D		36 G	37 S	38 O	39 E	40 B	41 J	42 N	43 H	44 A		45 L
46 D	47 K	48 H	49 F	50 N	51 C	52 J		53 P	54 D	55 F		56 H	57 D	58 L	59 E		60 S
61 A	62 M	63 Q	64 D		65 A	66 Q		67 S	68 I	69 B		70 Q	71 P	72 H	73 S	74 O	75 N
	76 H	77 B	78 R	79 O	80 Q	81 P	82 S		83 M	84 J		85 N		86 D	87 M	88 A	
89 T	90 R		91 P	92 S	93 C	94 D	95 T	96 F	97 M	98 L	99 A	100K		101D	102K	103C	104Q
105J	106N	107S		108Q	109C	110K	111T	112J	113E	114A	115F	116R	117D	118Q	119L	120B	121M
122G		123J	124Q	125S	126Q	127E	128N	129B	130D	131L		132K	133B	134F	135G	136T	137Q
138I	139J	140L	141E		142N	143L	144C	145G	146D	147S	148T	149E	150Q	151F	152K	153R	
154C	155F	156H		157E	158K	159R	160T	161G	162H	163I	164F	165A	166C	167P	168M		169F
170B	171H	172N	173E	174G	175I	176Q	177S	178D	179P	180R		181I	182F	183E	184N	185G	186Q
187Q	188D	189M	190L	191B	192C		193F	194Q		195T	196R	197B	198M	199C	200K	201E	202F
203L	204P	205N	206Q	207S	208G	209I		210J	211R		212B	213F	214M	215I	216J	217R	218H
	219F	220J	221Q	222N	223B	224S	225L	226E	227L		228S	229H	230Q	231K	232P	233G	234Q

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Rubber Dollar

ON THE Right

Rougemont, Mar. 26—The financial crisis brings to mind the limitations of material idealism. The swaggering talk over the last generation about the responsibilities of the rich nations to the poor nations, about the need to spend fifty, a hundred, two hundred billion dollars to rebuild our cities, about our common responsibility to provide for each other's welfare, from the cradle to the grave: breaks down for lack of a couple of billion dollars. Literally. If the United States had earned a couple of billion dollars more last year, or spent that much less abroad, the crisis would not likely have erupted. It was building over a long period, and indeed is still building. But there *is* the straw that breaks the camel's back, and it is melancholy to face the fact that big-talk idealism has to submit, in the real world, to the measuring stick, and the accounting book.

It has been a thesis of classical economics stressed and restressed over the years, that somehow, in some way, a people is going to have to pay for its extravagances. Consider what is now in prospect for Great Britain. Because the Labor government has failed to take those measures which alone would substantially increase England's competitive prowess—primarily a reduction in the cost of government and in the cost of production: that is to say, less government, and less labor unions—England has talked itself into a situation which now augurs, hold your breath, an interest rate of 10 per cent. That fantastic rate of interest is an affront on one of the most cherished dogmas of the economic interventionists. Lord Keynes at one point singled out cheap interest rates as perhaps the central consideration, above all others, for the happy functioning of the economy. The hardship of an interest rate set that high can only be imagined by those who have had the dream of a private house dashed by the cost of borrowing the money.

The British will argue that the proposed 10 per cent rate is not by any means altogether the result of Britain's mismanagement, but partly of America's. There is a half-truth there. The proposed increase in the rediscount rate of the Federal Reserve requires self-protective action by England to arrest a flow of money going to high interest borrowers in the United States. But America's plight to begin with is the result of the same virus that overtook Britain. And Britain's dependence on the United States is related to her habit over the years of leaning on the United States rather than face economic reality. Now the United States is too concerned to maintain its own equilibrium to act as a soft perch for other nations.

The temptation is to blame it all on France. France has, to be sure, acted churlishly, and there is no doubting, at this point, that General de Gaulle is obsessed by his spite. But, at this point, de Gaulle believes that events have justified him. Just as the banker who calls in the mortgages just before the depression will be hated by the community, but adored by the depositors. De Gaulle takes the position that consistent mismanagement of the economy by the United States was making the dollar a bad gamble: and he proved correct: What right has the United States to expect other countries to humor our mismanagement? There is a sense in which one can feel, in turn perversely, grateful to de Gaulle (and to his minister, Rueff, who isn't anti-American, but is very much pro-gold) for forcing us towards the brink.

NOW WE HAVE FACED UP to the challenge by a contrivance which surely cannot take care of us for very long. A permanent repeal of the law of arbitrage? It sounds like permanent flight, or spontaneous generation, or other physical paradoxes. The likelihood is that the leakage factor in the two-tier theory will prove a conclusive weakness, and that we shall stumble on to another hypodermic. Whether we will ever finally arrive at free exchange rates, one cannot say. But meanwhile, we have arrived at one of those interruptions in our reveries which are greatly useful. The President will trim $8 billion from his budget, and the howls will go up from the afflicted. But talk about United States economic power to do everything for everybody is likely to decrease. The immunity of the labor unions to close down entire industries for a half-year may even, who knows, be brought into serious question, for the first time in years. And there will be less talk about United States responsibility to care for the rest of the world. All in all, it was a healthy thing. □

THE SWITCH OF MR. PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE

London, Mar 2 — The pro-American community is rocked by the decision of Mr. Peregrine Worsthorne rather to switch than fight in Vietnam. Mr. Worsthorne, editor of the *Sunday Telegraph,* has backed the American effort in Vietnam ever since the beginning, and from his crucial position on the *Telegraph* has meticulously and passionately, patiently and impatiently, explained the American position, indeed has insisted that it is, or should be, the English position as well. Now he has succumbed—paradoxically—to precisely those arguments he has most contemptuously dismissed in the past. The result is consternation.

Mr. Worsthorne begins by saying that: "It is really very difficult any longer to believe that these babies are dying for any very plausible purpose." A striking sentence, in that a) Mr. Worsthorne adopts the napalmed-baby mode of argument, which foretells instant vulgarization which sure enough ensues; and b) Mr. Worsthorne refers to the "purpose" of our role in Vietnam as no longer "plausible," and thus invites skepticism concerning not American resources, but American motives. There is nothing in the least implausible about American intentions in Southeast Asia unless one suspects what Mr. Worsthorne heretofore has never suspected, namely that our motives are after all impure. There is nothing "implausible" about desiring to contain the Communists in Southeast Asia, or indeed anywhere else.

And so it goes with Philip-Drunk. He cites the opinion of a "highly distinguished expert on Asia" who has recently argued, out of great sympathy with America, that we may need for the time being to turn South Vietnam into a colony. "He thought," Mr. Wors-

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thorne explains, "that he was being helpful to the American case, but of course he was destroying it entirely, since nothing would more quickly set Southeast Asian countries falling to Communism like a row of dominoes than the assumption by the United States of imperial powers in Saigon."

IF SOMEONE had shown me that sentence blind, and asked me to name six people in the world incapable of uttering it, I'd have led off the list with the name of Peregrine Worsthorne. What's wrong with that sentence is that assuming the U.S. found it necessary to turn South Vietnam into a colony, which is the last thing any American in his right mind desires to do, the purpose in doing so would be to prevent its becoming a colony of Red China, or Soviet Russia. The suggestion implicit in Mr. Worsthorne's argument, that South Vietnam would prefer to become a colony of the Communists, rather than a colony of the United States, is as mystifying as to suggest that people were happier to live in East Berlin, a colony of the Communists, than in West Berlin, for a brief and necessary period after the war a colony of the Western Powers. It is in any case unsettling to hear a distinguished Tory speak of "imperial powers" with such a show of revulsion.

Fortunately, Mr. Worsthorne punctuates his call for the liquidation of the anti-Communist enterprise in Asia with hedges. He says "it is not easy to go on making the case" for the Vietnam war, which is different from saying that it is not possible to make the case. He says "I no longer find it possible to be certain of the 'wisdom' of fighting on," which is less than to say that he is certain of the unwisdom of fighting on. He says, speaking of the recent defeats at the hands of the Vietcong: "This could all change." But these presumably are now stop-loss just in case things should suddenly go better for us in Vietnam which, who knows, might just possibly happen.

And, fortunately, the management of the *Sunday Telegraph* sharply disagrees with its editor. In a short statement, it makes all the relevant distinctions: Fire One: "Many civilians have been mutilated by mistake by the allies: very many more have been mutilated on purpose by the Vietcong."

Fire Two: "Those who endured the Hitler blitz on this country—and babies were killed in Coventry no less than in Saigon—did not turn on Winston Churchill and tell him that because of heavy civilian casualties it was no longer right to resist Nazi aggression."

And the coup de grace: "But now our American allies have no choice. A complete scuttle at this time, a giant Asiatic Dunkirk involving half-a-million men, is not a practical possibility. And, if it were, would the United States ever send troops overseas anywhere again, including Europe? No, for good or ill the die is cast, and this time of appalling difficulty, psychological and military, is not the time for faint hearts in the United States itself or among her friends. The one thing which the Americans cannot do at this crisis in their fortunes, and the one thing which Britain cannot urge them to do, is to abandon Vietnam and Asia altogether. That way would lie the ultimate disaster for us all." □

ROCKEFELLER NIXON AND VIETNAM

Rougemont, Mar. 28—I do not share the amused disdain with which the critics have greeted Richard Nixon's statement that he will not disclose the details of his program for ending the Vietnamese war. That is the statement of a serious man, that is to say, a man who believes that in fact he may end up with the responsibility for administering the war. What it comes down to is this: Knowing what we know about Nixon, is it likely that he would, upon being elected, dramatically reverse himself concerning our commitment to Vietnam as bearing directly on the prospects for the national security? The probabilities are very much against any such tergiversation. That's why so many of the people who dislike Nixon dislike him. They know that his anti-Communist resolution is as firm as just about anything in national politics. They don't like that. And they don't like Nixon, who affects them the way Adlai Stevenson used to affect some conservatives.

Buckley

NOW HOW ABOUT ROCKY? There is a rough one for those critics who continue to clamor, even now, for his nomination. Why? On the matter of Vietnam, Mr. Rockefeller is saddled with a resonant statement given in 1964. "Winning the fight for freedom in Vietnam," he said in Oregon during the primary campaign, "is essential to the survival of all of Asia. The Communist Vietcong guerrillas must be defeated." Now Mr. Rockefeller is speaking vaguely about the need for an "accommodation" (who's against that?). But get this important difference: his vagueness comes off as statesmanship, in sharp contrast with Nixon's, which is taken as cynicism—and for a reason no more complex than that Rockefeller rubs liberals the right way, and Nixon doesn't. Thus Mr. Geyelin of the *Washington Post* who has had an exclusive interview with Mr. Rockefeller says that Rockefeller "has scorn for the generalized promises and broadside critiques of Richard M. Nixon. But he has plainly moved some distance from his earlier unreserved advocacy of the U.S. effort in Vietnam." Just the thing, of course, to whet the appetite of his supporters; scorn for Nixon and an "advance" (how is that for a planted semantical axiom) in his views on the U.S. effort in Vietnam.

WHAT THE HELL, so everybody else is talking, so will I. I have had exclusive interviews with Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Nixon in recent weeks. Mr. Nixon answered in considerable detail questions on what he would do in Vietnam, and the whole of it was plausible, responsible, non-gimmicky, and a sound projection of the strategical postulate that took us into Vietnam in the first place, i.e. that Southeast Asia is a place where rampaging Communism should be contained.

Mr. Rockefeller did not discuss Vietnam, but did discuss at great and earnest length his anti-Communist background, right back to his service as a young man as a trustee of a school undermined by Communists. It was left for me to infer that Mr. Rockefeller is incapable of any such inconsistency as would cause him, now, to change direction. But—of crucial political importance, as I say—Mr. Rockefeller must suggest to the public that he would find a peaceful alternative to the struggle of the moment.

One can't get too excited about these things, that being the way politics is. Surely the point is that our policy towards Vietnam has got to change. There was talk, a year or so ago, among anti-Communist conservatives, of a mass movement to support Johnson in the event the Republicans nominated a dove. Such talk is increasingly implausible, because it is increasingly difficult to defend Johnson's conduct of the war. General Shoup of the Marines, who has opposed the war right along, makes a plain military statement of fact, that you can't win wars unless you resolve to destroy the armies of the enemy. We haven't even resolved to do that. Mr. Johnson's resolution is seen more and more visibly to be a resolution to lose the war very slowly, with dignity and restraint. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Dispirited moderates: Says Gov. **John Chafee** of Rhode Island: "After having had **Scranton**, **Romney** and **Rockefeller** shot out from under me, I'm not picking anyone else." Hints **James Rhodes** of Ohio: Rockefeller shouldn't take the Ohio delegation for granted. Rhodes will take his stand on basis of a poll he'll take in Ohio in June. . . . Says Gov. **Spiro Agnew** of Maryland: "His [Rockefeller's] refusal to become an active candidate is not a good reason to repudiate **Richard Nixon**," therefore Agnew has refused to join the stop-Nixon Coalition for a Republican Alternative. . . . **Charles Percy**, **Mark Hatfield**, **John Lindsay** moving up with the press as possible last ditch GOP alternatives to RN, but Percy for one playing coy: Nixon just might offer him the Vice Presidential spot. . . . George Romney reportedly sore at Rockefeller; it was Rocky's "iffy" statements about his draftability that helped decide Romney on his bug-out. . . . Switchboard operator **Carol McChesney** announces she's available for non-political job: she manned board first in Washington's Romney for Prexy headquarters, then in shortlived Rocky hq. . . . Verdict of *Washington Post* political columnist **David Broder** on Rockefeller was: "The plain fact is that in 1968, as in 1960 and 1964, the Eastern, liberal, urban-oriented wing of the Republican Party has lost the nomination struggle—through miscalculation and timidity, lack of skill, lack of discipline and lack of strength."

■ A ripple from the West: Last week **Reagan** supporters launched their Oregon primary campaign with the showing of 30-minute color TV flick of various Reagan appearances and speeches. . . . **Robert C. Walker**, a San Diego pr-man who worked for Richard Nixon last year, turned up in Miami Beach to head up a Reagan campaign headquarters—five months ahead of the convention. Count them: Reagan now has in his employ 1) Walker, 2) **F. Clif White** and 3) and 4) the head men of **Spencer Roberts**. Would Reagan settle for number two spot? Wm. Roberts of Spencer Roberts says: "I don't believe that any man at that point [i.e. in Miami], and especially Governor Reagan, would say no [to a Vice Presidential bid]."

Telegraph, London — Ben Roth Agency

■ Having their troubles: the ADA types who opted for **Eugene McCarthy** when they thought **Kennedy** wasn't running. **Arthur Schlesinger Jr.** explains that he'll campaign for McCarthy except in those states in which McCarthy and Kennedy are both entered, where he'll work for Kennedy, and adds, further, that neither of these candidacies will divide the Democratic Party because **Lyndon Johnson** made the defections necessary by "embracing the Republican approach to our country's problems." (How's that for a historian's view?). . . . **John K. Galbraith**'s reputation as prophet and political prognosticator also taking a licking from people who keep on reminding him of his pronouncement on the Tet offensive: "Anything that can effectively be called a government in South Vietnam will disappear within the next few weeks, and about the same time span will bring the effective dissolution of the South Vietnamese Army." (AP—Feb. 15.)

■ Help for the South Vietnamese: The **Veterans of Foreign Wars** has kicked off drive among its 1,400,000 members for funds to help South Vietnamese civilians displaced during the Tet offensive. . . . **AFL-CIO** will turn over $50,000 to help South Vietnamese farmers and laborers. . . . A telephone campaign organized by **Christian Reformed Laymen's League** has raised $50,000 to buy kits for GIs in Vietnam. . . . Sergeant **Edward Johnson**, of Seaside, California, freed last Nov. after three and a half years as a Vietcong prisoner, has applied for duty in Vietnam. . . . Young Republicans urging its members to boycott movies starring **Vanessa Redgrave.** She led that last massive demonstration against U.S. embassy in London. . . . Mayor **Sam Yorty** of Los Angeles (who decided last week not to run against GOP Senator **Thomas Kuchel**) says the U.S. should stay "loose" on issue of using tactical A-arms in Vietnam; keep Charlie guessing and, if necessary, use them to relieve Khesanh.

■ Riots made easy: New York **peaceniks** now have a "dial a demonstration" number: a recorded announcement on the latest poop in pro-peace activities with instructions of where to meet, what to bring (draft cards, chicken blood, American flags etc.), what to expect.

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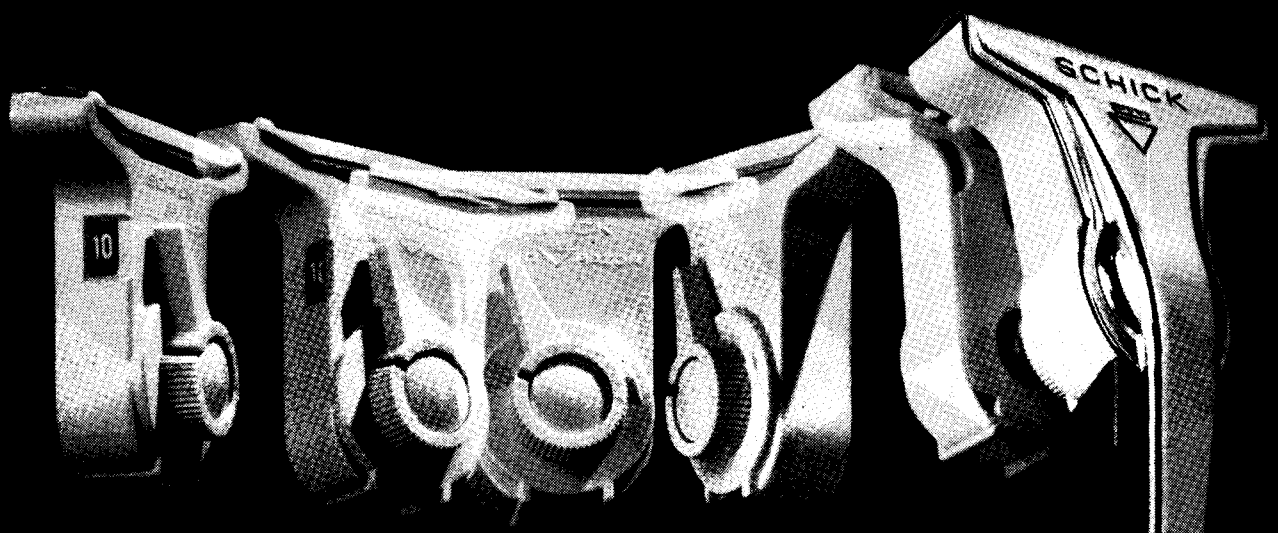

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To keep your mornings bright and cheerful, Schick gives you a complete winding mechanism – new with every cartridge. While our competitor may think it's cheaper to put half the band mechanism in the razor and half in the cartridge, old and new parts do not always fit together. In fact the self-contained Schick cartridge fits all band razors.

Finally, the 10 Super Stainless Edges are held taut by an exclusive slotted band for positive shaving control. Every Krona® Edge has the incredibly smooth Miron® Coating for a surface of unequalled comfort.

AUTO-BAND® Razor

Put your reliance on famous

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